

Nineteenth Year---March 23, 1912

Los Angeles, California---Price Ten Cents

The GRAPHIC

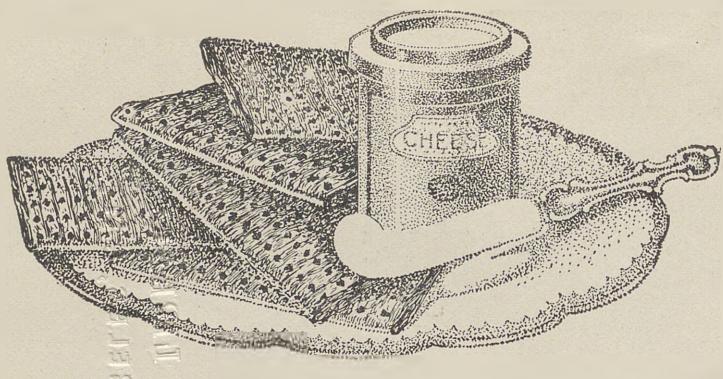


LAMENT OF MARCH

By EDITH DALEY

So brief, so brief life's little day---
The fragrant, violet springtime way
No recompense for travail pain,
Of cloud-racked sky and falling rain!
The blossom-children born to me,
Sun-craddled on the orchard tree,
It breaks my mother-heart to leave---
I go, O, Year, but deeply grieve !
The orchard-blossoms ne'er may know
The mother-month who loved them so;
Their tender, sun-warm, summer-kiss
My eager loving lips shall miss---
And bluer skies than mine shall see
My blossoms' fruit maturity !

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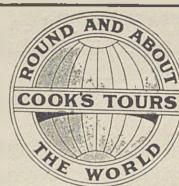
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NINETEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



MELVILLE FINALLY MEETS DE LONG

IN THE death of Rear Admiral George Walker Melville of the United States navy at Philadelphia, Sunday, a tragedy of the Siberian Lena delta is recalled, in connection with the loss of the Arctic steamer Jeannette and the brave, but unfortunate, Capt. Geo. W. De Long—commander of the north pole expedition fitted out by the owner of the New York Herald—which is almost without a parallel in polar exploration history for suffering, privation, and pathetic climax. Following the abandonment of the Jeannette in 1880-81, the officers and crew took to the sledges and began their long and arduous march across the frozen Arctic hillocks to open water, thence in swampy small boats through icy cold seas to the nearest mainland—the uninhabited, inhospitable Siberian coast. When within sight of land an off shore gale set in of such fury that the three struggling boats were separated. De Long and Melville, though far apart, managed to beach their boats, but the third crew was never heard of again.

Better for De Long had Fate treated him as kindly. Buffeted by the fierce storm, and almost frozen, it was his ill-luck to be blown onto the bleakest and most uninhabitable part of the repellent Lena delta, where no life of any kind was encountered and his meager provisions soon becoming exhausted starvation, with its lingering horrors, ensued. Two men he detached from the party were given a miserable ration each, their guns and useless ammunition, with instructions to forge ahead the best they could in the hope of finding Melville or, possibly, falling in with natives. After a fearful experience they were able to reach a settlement and get word to Melville, who had been lucky enough to light upon a more hospitable haven and ready assistance. That brave naval officer immediately organized a relief party and plunged into the depths of the frigid regions in the search for his missing comrades. He found their frozen and emaciated bodies, together with De Long's journal and papers of the expedition, and the country was presently stirred from center to circumference by the story of the tragedy unfolded.

Melville has left a graphic record of that search for the lost members of the ill-starred expedition in his "In the Lena Delta," but for harrowing recitals the diary of the unfortunate commander, published by Mrs. De Long in 1883, in "The Voyage of the Jeannette," is fairly heartbreaking in its revelations of distress and suffering. Certainly, it proved so to the editor of The Graphic, who persistently had sought to become a member of the Jeannette party, as the captain's journal tells; but both De Long and Melville frowned upon the youngster's ambition, which is why his fate was not that of the luckless

members of the commander's boat's crew. Rear Admiral Melville was justly regarded as an authority on Arctic exploration as well as on engineering and naval affairs. Besides accompanying De Long on the Jeannette expedition he was with the Greely relief party. A strict disciplinarian, but a thorough and competent officer his name will be long honored and his unblemished reputation well sustained in the annals of the American navy.

BAITING GOVERNOR JOHNSON

IN VIEW of all the circumstances, the baiting of Governor Hiram Johnson by the La Follette adherents in this state is a justifiable procedure. The La Follette of March, 1912, is the same La Follette of three months previous, so far as his principles are concerned, and these, the governor and his political bodyguard have elaborately explained, constitute all there is to the fight against Mr. Taft's renomination. Consequently, if the Wisconsin senator is well enough to continue his campaign, and his recent platform utterances seem to prove that he is, then there is no excuse for the desertion of those who had previously pledged their support to him.

This, evidently, is the view of Mr. Thomas K. Kase, president of the Los Angeles La Follette Club, who, in an open letter, addressed to the governor, has shot at the executive a quiver full of pertinent questions to which he asks answers for the satisfaction of the governor's male and female constituents. Among other tart queries Mr. Kase wants to know if, immediately after La Follette's temporary illness, the governor had a conference with Mr. Roosevelt. This is followed by another of rather impertinent trend asking whether the Johnsonian ambition to become a vice-presidential candidate played any part in his desertion of La Follette.

All ten queries propounded, however, should be answered fully and frankly, and doubtless will be. It is only fair to the governor to state that he denies having even spoken to or communicated with Colonel Roosevelt or any of the leaders of the progressive movement concerning the vice-presidency. As to the reputed conversation with La Follette, in Washington, in which the latter is said to have declared to him, "You're just from a deal with Roosevelt. He has offered you second place on the ticket," the governor insists that it is untrue, never took place and never could occur. Until Senator La Follette makes an affidavit to the contrary, we shall regard Governor Johnson's word as final. Meanwhile, we hope to read his replies to the ten questions, rendered in as frank and complete a manner as Senator Works has explained his attitude toward La Follette.

BEGETTING A CONTEMPT FOR THE LAW

IN ARGUING for the parole of the former "little boss" of San Francisco, because he chances to be the sole member of the grafting gang that harried the northern business community for years receiving punishment, Editor James H. Barry of the San Francisco Star, whose heart is too large for his mental poise, reduces the question to this abstract and superstitious theory: "If a man—Ruef or any other man—can do, and *will* do, some good *outside* of prison walls, why keep him inside?"

This is the *reductio ad absurdum* we have been confidently expecting. Why, indeed? Why have prisons at all? Why not turn every convicted felon loose with the admonition, "Go and do good from now on; you will be wasting your opportunities behind the bars." Perhaps, the percentage of convicts thus turned adrift would repay the confidence placed in them in the proportion of one in a hundred. The other ninety-nine would be keen to follow their nat-

ural instincts and what a happy time they would have! We cannot vouch for the enjoyment of their victims.

Doubtless, our big-hearted colleague will be willing to keep under guard the convict who comes up for a second offense sentence, but why take chances? Ruef is not a single-offense candidate for the penitentiary? The list of his derelictions is as long as the Westminster confession of faith and for every one the little scamp—who was the brains of the hold-up gang that infested San Francisco—deserves a fourteen-year sentence. Let us be just to the community, Brother Barry, before we are generous to an undeserving individual. It is assuming a great deal to declare that Ruef *will* do good *outside* prison walls. His record within gives no such assurance. His last escapade, en route to his cell from the Schmitz fiasco proved his errant nature. Let us have done with this mawkish solicitude for an unscrupulous scoundrel for the next five or six years at least. The discussion is not profitable to the rising generation. It begets contempt of the law.

REPUDIATION FOR ROOSEVELT

EVIDENTLY, North Dakota has accepted the campaign cry of the progressive wing of the Republican party in good faith and, rejecting Roosevelt, has declared for the real leader of the progressives, Robert Marion La Follette. By an estimated majority ranging from 15,000 to 20,000 the Wisconsin senator has fairly trounced the colonel, whose disloyalty to the Badger state presidential aspirant the insurgents of the northwest emphatically resent. Mr. Taft appears to have been a negligible quantity in the three-cornered contest, his vote being ridiculously light.

This repudiation of Roosevelt in a state that is supposed to have entertained a long-cherished sentiment for the former rancher of Medora, and at the first presidential preference primary vote cast in the country, is likely to have a discouraging effect on the New York primary vote for the former President next Tuesday. Of the ninety delegates in the convention Roosevelt hopes to land at least forty, but the prospects are that not more than half that number will be enlisted in his support. Naturally, the La Follette men are jubilant. The senator himself is quoted as declaring that "people are considering principles in this contest and judging individuals by past performances." With this sly dig at Governor Johnson and others of the California coterie that have deserted to Roosevelt the plucky senator "guesses" that he does not need to say more—at this time.

What North Dakota, by its slim vote, thinks of Taft's candidacy for re-nomination, other western states will be found echoing. Should Pennsylvania go strong for Roosevelt, as is now indicated, thereby offsetting the threatened New York defection, and with Massachusetts breaking even on the two candidates, the result, more than ever, will point to a nearly divided convention, with La Follette determined to prevent the naming of Roosevelt and as equally opposed to the nomination of Taft. Oklahoma has given Roosevelt sixteen of her twenty votes with two uninstructed and two for Taft, the latter chosen before Roosevelt was fairly in the field. This is a falling off in the estimated Taft strength of about six votes. California is not to go to Roosevelt without a determined contest by the Taft adherents. The North Dakota result will have a disturbing tendency on the zeal of the Roosevelt leaders in this state, who have placed themselves in a most embarrassing position, by their unstable attitude. Still, we regard California as safely for Roosevelt unless

the La Follette support can make sufficient inroads into the colonel's forces to give Taft the victory. This, however, is not likely.

IMPRESSIVE MARINE OBSEQUIES

WHEN the loss of the Maine was announced, that memorable day in February, 1898, the entire civilized world stood aghast and blended with Columbia's tears its sympathetic condolences on the loss of 266 sailors, officers and crew, of the flower of the American navy. Not since the British troop ship, Birkenhead, went down off the South African coast in February, 1852, had so great a calamity to a nation's marine forces been chronicled as in this Havana Bay disaster when almost without warning nearly thrice a hundred brave souls were swept into eternity.

After lying on the oozy floor of Havana basin for nearly fourteen years, the wreck at low tide constantly reminding spectators of the awful tragedy whose cause remained an unsolved mystery, congress yielded to popular pressure and voted an appropriation for the raising of the hulk of the Maine, expert examination of the wreck, which was a menace to shipping, and its reinterment in deeper waters. Whether or not the engineers who inspected the twisted and tortured plates that once sheathed the ribs of the Maine were able definitely to determine the origin of the explosion that created such havoc is not known? But of what avail? Whether from within or without makes no difference. The issues arising over the Cuban struggle are ended, so far as Spanish sovereignty is concerned, and even if proof were adduced of Spanish treachery would any good accrue? Let the causes be buried with the hulk, fathoms deep in oblivion.

It was a notable naval burial that the straits of Florida witnessed today when the battered remains of the once proud battleship were towed nine miles seaward from Havana, the stars and stripes, fluttering from the temporary masthead, forming the last vestige of the wreck as it was dropped by means of opened floodgates and bulkheads to its watery grave. The escorting fleet formed a hollow square about the poor, disfigured hulk, the convoy's guns spoke out a final salute and with one parting cheer from the throats of the gallant jackies that lay aloft of the marine cortège the strangest and most impressive obsequies that any nation has ever conducted were consummated.

FAULTY PRIMARY ELECTION LAW

IN THE 1904 election Theodore Roosevelt polled 52,505 votes in North Dakota to Parker's 14,273, thereby beating the Democratic candidate 3 to 1. In 1908 Mr. Taft was given a total of 57,680 as against Bryan's 32,885. Two years later, in the gubernatorial contest, Burke, Democrat, led the Republican candidate, Johnson, by 1,988 votes, receiving a total of 47,003 to Johnson's 45,015. Assuming that Bryan polled the full Democratic vote in 1908 and that Burke, who is very popular in his state, ran 15,000 ahead of his ticket, since that number, added to Johnson's total, gives, approximately, the full Republican strength polled by Taft, plus the natural increase in four years, it reveals a total of 35,000 normal Democratic votes in North Dakota.

In view of this showing it is idle to declare, as La Follette's managers have done, that few Democrats voted for the Wisconsin senator. With several hundred outlying districts to be heard from the recorded vote already is within five or six thousand of the total vote cast for Taft in 1908, proving conclusively that La Follette was given heavy Democratic support. The trouble with the North Dakota primary law is that it fails to provide for party enrollment and to that extent justifies President Taft's denunciation of "soap box" methods. The California law is different, citizens being required to register their party affiliation to be eligible to vote.

But the most amazing slump is in the Taft vote. A state that gave the President 57,680 votes in 1908 and only 3000 four years later augurs ill for party success in the country, with Taft as the nominee, if North

Dakota's primary vote is to be taken as an index of national sentiment. Of course, it is an abnormal reflex since Taft's reciprocity measure with Canada was bitterly resented by the wheat growers of the Flickertail state. The curious thing is that Iowa, which, through Senator Cummins, voiced its disapproval of the measure, is now inclined to give the President a majority of its nominating delegation, the "favorite son," apparently having to be content with a partial complimentary vote only. Never was there a more mixed campaign. The leaders are groping for light and find it not.

SELF-GOVERNMENT AT STANFORD

ENCOURAGED by the excellent results of student self-government at the state university, the Stanford student body, by a vote of seven to one, has decided to accept the offer tendered by President David Starr Jordan and, relieving the faculty of disciplinary powers, henceforth will administer those functions at first hand, through a proper executive committee. It is a wise decision and the practical unanimity of action—536 to 76 was the result of the balloting—proves how widespread is the belief in this form of government.

And why not? Here is a large student body, ranging in age from 18 to 25, having, in the main, all the requisites for citizenship, liberal of outlook, cherishing ideals that the harsh world has not had opportunity to shatter. Such plastic material should evolve the best kind of material for the self-administration of affairs and we look to see the finest results in good season. Ever since the trouble between the faculty and the students four years ago the necessity for a change in control became obvious. Two years ago, a plan was offered by the faculty but rejected. The objections then found do not lie in the present plan, hence the acceptance of it by so gratifying a vote.

There is to be no interference by the faculty with the decisions of the student committee. Complete control is assured. The plan contemplates the election of five members of the student body to the university conference. These five will form an advisory committee, but will not supersede the Student Affairs Committee in the control of matters. The main factor in the disciplinary work undertaken is to be the admonition of rule-breakers in place of the former suspension. A student might defy the faculty, and find moral support in so doing among his fellows, but as an insurrecto against his classmates he is bound to make a miserable failure. The moral force of one thousand to one is sure to prove disastrous to the one and discipline be upheld. Stanford has made great strides by this decision. Southern California will indorse it by sending an increased representation north next fall.

OFFICIALLY MURDERED IN NEBRASKA

IN ITS zeal to recapture the fleeing convicts, whose spectacular escape from the Nebraska state penitentiary, was marked by the killing of the warden, his deputy and a jailer, the sheriff's posse in pursuit wantonly shed the blood of a poor lad, forced by the desperate convicts to act as driver of the stolen team, harnessed to a wagon in which the murderous ruffians sought to effect their liberty. The impressed driver was only 22, but recently married, and his unwilling service at the point of revolvers wielded by a trio of demons in human shape was not unknown to the trailers. The volley fired at the desperadoes, in view of the imminent peril to an innocent life, was wholly unjustifiable, resulting as it did in the immediate slaying of the defenseless youth.

Better that all three convicts should have eluded pursuit temporarily than that this sacrifice should have been made to accomplish their capture. The one who surrendered has told of the taking of Roy Blunt as a hostage and word was left to this effect. Besides, his brother Lloyd intercepted the officers and personally informed them of the fact. If the fire had been directed on the horses the surrender of the men might have followed without bloodshed, or at least, without the shedding of innocent blood.

Perched on the driver's seat, a fair mark for the first bullet that was fired. Blunt was the first to fall.

Truth is, the posse in its lust for revenge halted at nothing. One life, more or less, however innocent, was of little moment in the zest for the chase. There was no thought of the two months' bride in terror for her young husband's life, weeping at home. Whether he escaped the bullets rained upon the wagon was a mere matter of luck—he must take his chances. Sheriff Hyers and his deputies are official murderers whose conduct deserves the severest condemnation, if nothing worse. They were well mounted, well-armed, outnumbered the convicts four to one and had them at their mercy. They chose to make short work of the human chase by a general fusillade, regardless of consequences. It was inevitable that young Blunt should be killed in such circumstances. He was slain by the sheriff's posse without benefit of clergy, without a chance for his life. It was inexcusable official murder.

SHOWING THAT MISERY LOVES COMPANY

WITH THE suicide in New York of a highly connected California woman, just returned from a tour of the world by way of India, a pleasure party formed of Los Angeles, Pasadena, and San Francisco society people, and announced as the largest personally-conducted party of travelers that ever left the coast, reaches the climax in a series of misadventures that began with the mutiny in Chinese waters of the crew of the ship that carried the sightseers from San Francisco. This was followed by sickness, resulting fatally to one of the tourists in India and by the tragic self-ending of another member still further accentuates the unpleasant memories of the trip.

Of course, similar mishaps might have attended a party of much less numerical strength, but the contiguity of touch that is inevitable where so many are known to one another makes one person's misfortunes felt by all and to that extent is depressing. With one family hovering about a death-bed in a foreign land, whereon lies a member who has become endeared to his fellow-travelers, it is not conducive to pleasure-taking with the others, even though not of kin. Having the same itinerary, the same stopping places, what affects one adversely is bound to be experienced in a lesser degree by the entire party.

For this cogent reason a large body of sightseers, having a community of enforced interests, is not the most desirable way of traveling, on pleasure bent, and we venture the assertion that not one of the fifty or sixty persons composing this single booking will ever care to be enrolled as member of a similar outing party. Misery, we are told, loves company. Ergo, dodge misery by reducing the chances to a minimum. One's own immediate family is, as a rule, about as difficult a mass to project in a uniformly pleasing direction and, with the impedimenta of travel, constitutes responsibilities enough. Let the varied experiences of this unwieldy party, whose recollections are so discolored, be a warning to those contemplating the enjoyment of scenes afar. Avoid crowds, travel alone, i.e., with your own family, and thereby escape much correlated distress and inquietude of mind.

CYNIC'S SUBTLE PLAN OF REVENGE

ACCEPTING as true the published yarn that a handsome young Irishman of Aberdeen, Wash., has set out from San Francisco upon a globe-circling tour, minus funds, for the purpose of winning a stake of \$10,000, providing he accomplishes the round-the-world journey within a year, without having begged, borrowed or stolen en route, we must strongly deprecate one of the added provisions of the contract which a wealthy Londonderry cynic has stipulated. This obligates the Aberdeen man to the winning of sixty Irish hearts en tour, in as many different ports. If successful, he is to be paid the amount stated and return to choose one-sixtieth of his damsels in captivity, the one best to his liking.

We discern in this alleged contract a sinister plot on the part of the Londonderry man to revenge him-

self on the sex generally because of the jilting he received in his earlier days, from which treatment he has never recovered. Still harboring malice toward the sex for the act of one member, we can fancy that he has devised this subtle plan to wreak vengeance on fifty-nine trusting Irish maids by having a good-looking, blarneying youth pay court to their affections which, having won, can be returned only in infinitesimal part. Of all the pusillanimous methods of "getting even" with the dear, delightful, vexing, adorable, exasperating, soothing creations of petticoated pulchritudinosity this is the meanest, and we express the hope that in the attempts to lure Irish Eileens to their affectional undoing this sordid rover may be accurately poked by Cupid's dart, so thoroughly the victim of unrequited love that he may never recover of the malady but go mauldering about the world, a prey to melancholia's mania, of whom, to paraphrase Gray, it may be said:

Here slinks along a wretch of trifling worth,
Who, in his youth, fair maid and fortune sought;
But, trading on his looks bequeathed at birth,
A cropper came and to this state was brought.

May the hearts of all susceptible exiled Irish lassies be steeled against this Aberdeen buccaneer; may he meet storms and disaster at sea, punishment and privations ashore; may the dread smallpox pit his once attractive features; may the scurvy attack him afloat and ill-fortune follow him on land; may the good angels that are assigned to guard Irish alannahs, asleep or waking, never be remiss in their duty, but deflecting all attacks upon their wards effectually circumvent the efforts of this rambling, would-be heart smasher and successfully disconcert him at every opportunity. May a murrain seize him!

COAL STRIKE MAY BE UNIVERSAL

GOOD REASON exists in Great Britain for the fear that a continuance of the coal strike will involve the United Kingdom in the gravest perils, dangers from without menacing the nation quite as much as those from within. Efforts to pass the minimum wage bill of Premier Asquith are being stubbornly resisted by the conservatives, aided by the laborites, who demand an amendment increasing the minimum scale. This concession, the premier is reluctant to make since he realizes that even with the arbitrary rate already stipulated in the bill the operators will find it a difficult matter to meet the scale in case it is forced upon them.

Should he be compelled by stress of circumstances to submit, rather than see the present chaotic conditions continue, what will result? How otherwise than in a raise of the price of coal to the consumer? That is the only logical conclusion. Experts, not affiliated with the coal owners, have figured that an increase of wages of a shilling a day would absorb all profits of operation at the present average price at the collieries of the United Kingdom. Unless the consumer bears the burden sought to be imposed capital will undoubtedly withdraw from the mines, since it will refuse to operate them at a loss. In the event that the strikers, through governmental interference, gain their contentions and the operators in self-defense are forced to mark up the price of coal the net result is a shifting of the burden to the consumer. Nor should this be regarded as altogether unjust. If the mine owner is getting merely a fair rate of interest on his investment and the miners only a living wage then the raise in price is logical, since the consumer cannot expect to get the product below cost.

In this country there is a fear that in the bituminous coal mines of western Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois operations will have to be suspended after April 1, since the conferences between the union officials and operators thus far have proved fruitless, one side demanding a 10-cent a ton increase in wages, the other asking for a similar reduction in the present rate. In case no agreement is reached and the strike is called, about 200,000 miners will quit work to be followed, in all probability, by 150,000 more men in other fields. With the miners in Germany and France, in addition to England, out on strike, the enormity of the distress and interruption

to business may be readily conceived. It is bad enough for one large coal producing country to cease mining; with the four named shutting down operations simultaneously the calamity is of world-wide extent.

REPUBLICAN VS. "SOAPBOX" METHODS

WHEN the President was not engaged in eating at Boston Monday he was busy denouncing the vagaries of his distinguished predecessor, whose recall of judiciary decisions was particularly spitted on the roasting jack he twirled so dexterously. Mr. Taft interpreted the constitution as the basis of government "of the people, for the people, by a representative of the people." He characterized as a menace to an enduring government "irresponsible assaults" upon the courts and the constitution and deplored the tendency to exalt above the written law what is called the "popular will" as if it were to take precedence of statutory and constitutional limitation, which must be transgressed in that event.

"To put in effect the recall of judicial decisions," declared the President, "is to destroy the independence of the courts and to remove the keystone from the arch of government." He can find nothing in the decisions or the character of the judges to justify so radical an innovation. To the voluntary primary, outside the law, he pays his respects by dubbing it "soap box" primary, worse than none at all in his opinion, since it gives full opportunity for the ineligible electors of the other party to cast unfair votes. He adds, however:

Wherever full and fair notice of an election is given and adequate safeguards are thrown around it to protect the preferential primary for the presidency I favor and welcome it. This is government based upon popular control, but it is impossible that all of the people can take a direct part in governmental functions. They must be represented by competent persons to carry out the popular will.

President Taft, in other words, finds in the representative or republican form of government the fairest and best way of giving a square deal to all, "which fundamental compact," he insists, has vindicated its wisdom, equity and utility. As to the shibboleth of "whatever is right is constitutional," he declares if means that the plain construction of the constitution is to be perverted because the people irk the limitations contained in a constitution lawfully adopted. "It is not right," he asserts, "unless the declaration of right is contained in the constitution or is forbidden by it."

Again, we take pleasure in restating our admiration for the executive's impregnable position in regard to those vexed questions affecting the constitutional rights of the people, which latter, while apparently favored, are really being menaced by the attacks on the established order. His positive utterances reveal him at his best and carry conviction in their wake. We could wish he had only such problems to face, there would be no question concerning the advisability of his renomination in that event. Clearly, the breach is wider than ever between the conservatives and the radicals of the Republican party. The naming of either Taft or Roosevelt is likely to spell defeat next November, unless Champ Clark saves the day at Baltimore by getting himself nominated.

AVIATION AND HEN FRUIT

AVIATION is on trial as never before. According to the indignant ranchers up in Marysville, the aerial flights of a Curtis machine demonstrator have so demoralized the hens in that neighborhood that eggs have suddenly ceased making their advent, the scared biddies regarding the skimming monster aloft as a huge bird of prey hovering above them to their undoing. As a result they have taken to their indoor roosts, where the process of propagating eggs seems to have been discontinued pending the return to normal of the frightened fowls.

But the farmers need not be discouraged. Custom is a great cure. When the automobile habit was in its incipient stage the direst predictions were heard concerning the effect of the machines on horses, frightful accidents being assured if the streets were given over to the occupation of the devilish con-

trivances. But the newer generation of horses took to automobiles as kindly as ducklings do to water and now it is the exception to the rule to find an animal shying at an oncoming auto. The farmers were the last to yield the road to the machines, but they have found them to be a blessing in disguise, since through them have come the desire for good roads, the expenditure of millions of money in maintaining splendid highways, by means of which the rancher is enabled to reach his market in one-half the time required of yore and with less wear and tear on his nerves. Moreover, he is traveling in a machine himself.

So to the Marysville ranchers we say, take heart, have patience. The scared hen of today will be more prolific than ever as soon as she finds that the monster bird never swoops. Let them save their curses, since it is they which came home to roost quickest. The aviator will fly higher as he becomes more proficient and in doing so the chicken hawk will be forced lower, within reach of the deadly gun of the farmer's boy. This is a world full of compensations if we have patience enough to await logical developments.

COUNTRY LOSES A GOOD SERVANT

SMALL blame to Dr. H. W. Wiley, the much-traduced chief of the bureau of chemistry at Washington that after flouting his enemies and emerging triumphant from all their attacks he should now elect to sever his connection with the post he has so signalized to engaged in private work. In his new capacity as director of a food and health department in a popular periodical and as lecturer at large on his favorite topics, his talents will have untrammelled sway and with adequate compensation and a surcease from political scoldings and substitute-manufacturer baitings his lot will be much more harmonious. At 68 one's fighting days should have ceased. Meditation is much more to be desired.

Dr. Wiley has served his fellow-citizens faithfully in a public capacity for nearly thirty years. To his persistency are the people mainly indebted for the passage of the pure food law which won Wiley so many traducers. In their efforts to minify his work it is unfortunate that they had the sympathy of the chief of the department, Secretary Wilson, who, it is notoriously true, has striven hard to effect Dr. Wiley's retirement. This was almost accomplished six months ago, President Taft, apparently, agreeing, but the candidate for a second term discovering from the tenor of press comment the high estimation in which the country held the chief chemist, astutely sidestepped and despite Attorney General Wickes' recommendation, the executive concurred in the report of the congressional committee exonerating the doctor from all charges.

Secretary Wilson appears to have accomplished his purpose, however, by insisting on retaining as Dr. Wiley's associate one who was personally antagonistic to the head of the bureau. Rather than work longer under such annoying conditions the pure food expert withdrew to enjoy that freedom of environment elsewhere to which his arduous and valuable service, surely entitle him. President Taft might better have dispensed with "Tama Jim" Wilson's talents than the expert chemistry chief. There is a strong suspicion that the secretary of agriculture has long outlived his usefulness at Washington. His conduct in the Wiley affair is proof enough. The country could better spare the entire agricultural department, from Wilson down, than the man whom nagging has finally forced out of the public service.

Dr. Mary E. Walker, whose appearance in bifurcated garments has long been one of the curiosities of the national capital, is reported dying. For one who aspired to mannish apparel the doctor is pitifully slight of figure and small of stature. But she has ever displayed lots of courage and determination in the pursuance of her "rights."

Women nurses are to supplant the male kind at Highlands state insane asylum on the theory of the new superintendent, Dr. Reilly, that a woman's gentle tones will calm the most violent patient. No raucous-voiced female need apply.

FROM LETTERS READ AT HOWELLS' DINNER

ARNOLD BENNETT—I hear with pain that you have taken advantage of my short temporary absence from the United States to arrange a dinner in honor of William Dean Howells. I suppose you were afraid that if he and I got together he might be found not disagreeing with those views on certain Victorian novelists which I have expressed once too often and which have procured my ruin in the esteem of all thoughtful Americans. I would have given much to be able to be present at this dinner, for there is no man of letters in the whole world whom I regard more highly than I regard your guest. * * * It is rumored that the man is 75 years old. Incredible! Pick up almost any number of Harper's and you will find evidence that he is not 75, but about 44—a nice, youthful age—and my own. I have never met Mr. Howells. When I go to America he retires to Spain, and when I come to France in search of him he has vanished to Timbuctoo. But I intend to meet him. It may astonish you to learn that even thirty years ago—and more—Harper's used to penetrate monthly into the savage wilderness of the Five Towns and that the first literary essays I ever read were those of W. D. Howells and Russell Lowell. (I preferred the former because they were more friendly, persuasive and human.) Thus I was at a tender age more American than some Americans. My delight in W. D. Howells has never lessened; it has, indeed, increased in proportion as I have learned to appreciate the subtlety of his wit, the sure fineness of his taste, the immense sweep of his culture, and the force of his creative gift. Criticism, travel, novels, plays—for I am not one to forget this august occasion that W. D. Howells is an admirable playwright—I have feasted on his output and stolen innumerable ideas therefrom since the period when I could only smoke in secret; and I propose to continue feasting as long as Mr. Howells provides the fare.

* * *

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE—Twenty-five years ago this country was in the midst of the greatest era of sheer materialism that it ever has known. As a nation we were crass. In the West we were booming. In the South we were seeing visions of a new prosperity; in the East we were thinking in states and cities and sections translated into millions. In that day a kindly mannered, stoutish, mild-voiced, middle-aged man took his pen in hand and began to write about altruism. Comparatively few people in the country at that time knew or cared what altruism meant. Mr. Howells was to the vast majority of the reading public at that time a most interesting literary man with a curious theory of life. It was the day when any man who could write anything without using "whereas," "inasmuch as," "therefore," and "as follows" was regarded in America as one of "them damn literary fellers" and little attention was paid to him. If Mr. Howells cared to preach altruism, it was to the powers that were in those days as though he had promulgated a new theory of the dimensions. Doubtless, a number of those who really knew what he was driving at were horrified and shocked that apparently so sane a man as Mr. Howells seemed to be about to exhibit signs of mental decay so early. But even those who were shocked were alarmed only for Mr. Howells. They did not know that he was a sower going forth to sow. Mr. Howells himself said "The point of care to insist on * * * is that difference in the present from the past which I think is inevitable from what seems the new conditioning of our lives. All of human life has turned more and more to the light of democracy, the light of equality, if you please. Literature, which was once of the cloister, the school, has become more and more of the forum and, incidentally, of the market place. But it is actuated now by as high and noble motives as ever it was in the history of the world; and I think that in turning from the vain endeavor of creating beauty and devoting itself to the effort of ascertaining life it is actuated by a clearer motive than before."

* * *

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON—Is it not piquant as coming in the midst of the avalanche of talk—good, bad and indifferent—about the Dickens centenary? Dickens and Howells! Nobody loves Dickens "this side idolatry" more than I do, but that does not blind me to the surpassing quality of Howells' work in the very opposite kind of fiction. His place is as distinct and assured in one form of the novelist's art as Dickens' is in the other. I think these two great men—represent the very opposite poles of prose fiction. While one finds everlasting delight in observing and depicting the striking, the odd, the grotesque, the other finds as deep a joy—a deeper joy, perhaps—in observing and depicting the ordinary, the familiar. Howells real-

izes that in this universe there is nothing that is not wonderful, and that the ordinary is the most wonderful of all. In this regard one is the exact complement of the other. And then look at the enormous array of Howells' output and its variety. No doubt there are in these marvelous and bewildering days novelists and poets whose output is even vaster in quantity than his, but there are none, I think, whose quality is so great in style and in matter. When does he write his "pot-boilers"? Sometimes, I suppose; but I can never recognize the culinary quality. As to his style, it is, in my judgment, as near perfection as any style in our language—lucid and exact to a degree, easy, masterful, never exaggerated, and has a movement which, I think, I could discern anywhere.

* * *

H. J. WELLS—I should feel it an impertinence to write my appreciation of my great senior, W. D. Howells, who was already a distinguished writer in America before I was born. He stands, in my mind, with Dickens and Fielding, one of the novelists who have always been there from the beginning; he charmed me when first I began to taste the delights of literature, and my first admirations have deepened with the years. It was the most astonishing and certainly the most delightful experience of my visit to America a few years ago to meet a gay and active contemporary as he seemed and learn it was W. D. Howells. May he long continue the head and representative of American writing. As you celebrate him over there in New York, I will see to it that over here a little group will also be with you in the spirit.

WILLIAM J. LOCKE—It is a pity that the term "Dear Master" is alien to our Anglo-Saxon customs of speech, for by that all of us younger members of the craft would love to address you.

* * *

ISRAEL ZANGWILL—We have to thank him for having added to literature a new territory—the Land of Every Day.

* * *

J. M. BARRIE—I cannot understand why they have not offered him the presidency. I can presume only that he has declined it. This would be just like him.

* * *

THOMAS HARDY—You have, too, always believed the truth that poetry is the heart of literature, and done much to counteract the suicidal opinion held, I am told, by young contemporary journalists, that the times have so advanced as to render poetry nowadays a negligible tract of letters.

* * *

ANDREW LANG—* * * an age at which few people, except himself, retain his mental alertness and vigor, and perhaps only himself the air of being younger by a score of years than the reckoning of chronologists? This must be the reward of a singularly pure and virtuous life.

GOTHAM LIKES TALLY'S HAWAIIAN PLAY

TALLY'S "Bird of Paradise" is one of the best examples of the season's strongly marked tendency toward scenic plays illustrative of foreign life and color. The scene is laid on the Puna Coast of the Island of Hawaii. With the rise of the curtain one feels the weirdly beautiful atmosphere. Against a background of luxuriant growth and richly-colored sky stands a grass house. At one side is a cave and in the distance is a stretch of beach. Luana is being introduced to womanhood and a feast is being held in her honor. There is roast pig and poi, singing and dancing of hulas. One of the men, beautiful and alluring, dances alone. The muscles of his well-knit body marvelously coordinated, follow with a curious grace, the haunting rhythm of the sensuous music, that is entirely satisfying. Luana learns that she is dedicated to Pele, that she is the last in the line of royal blood and that her foster father, a priest of Pele, has looked forward to the time when she may serve her country as queen.

* * *

But Luana has come under the influence of a "mikinary" and has been, presumably, converted to the Christian religion. She will have none of the worship of Pele. Her decision to repudiate Pele is strengthened by the coming of Paul Wilson with Diana Larned and the mikinary. Diana, a university graduate, has come out of the islands for material for a book. Paul Wilson, a doctor, who is expected by their friends and acquaintances to marry her, has accompanied her to look for a cure for leprosy. But Paul is fascinated by Luana who from the moment her eyes rest upon him, seizes upon him as her own conquest. Diana is attracted by the possibility of reclaiming the beach-comber Dean who, worked upon by drink and the climate, has given himself to ease and enjoyment until his

weakened will is no longer able to lift him from the depths of degradation to which he has fallen. Diana points him to the light and finding that he is skilled in the use of the microscope, offers him the opportunity to help in the search for the leprosy cure. They go together to the steamer, but Wilson in the thralls of the attractive Luana, is left behind to wait for the next steamer.

* * *

That is the beginning of the end of Wilson. The next act takes place two years later. The scene is the interior of the grass hut. The tropical poison has eaten its way into Wilson's being. He has married Luana and has given himself over to tropical ease and self-indulgence. He is drinking too much of the native liquor and his will seems weakened past the point of recovery. Capt. Hatch, a wealthy planter, has determined to organize a revolution and put on the throne Luana. He offers to make her queen but Luana wants only her Paula. Dean comes back very different from the drunkard who went away. Diana has made a man of him. He is straight and tall and fine. He has discovered the leprosy germ and fame is ahead of him as well as his old position in society. Paul is ashamed of the contrast between them, and attracted by Capt. Hatch's promise to send him to the states, urges Luana to accept, but his will is not strong enough. She is afraid to lose her Paula. She turns to the religion of her people and tries to hold his love with a charm. But repudiating it later she has the prayer of death put upon him. Capt. Hatch's plan to annex the island to the United States fails. He thinks Wilson and Luana have been conspiring against him, and in the effort to rehabilitate himself, Paul throws Luana off. She sees he does not love her and learning that Pele has become active again and believing that she is interfering with Wilson's life and that she is to die anyway she decides to placate the angry goddess by offering herself as a human sacrifice. The last scene shows her standing on the brink of the glowing crater ready to throw herself in.

* * *

Scenically, the play is wonderfully beautiful. In the first act, especially, the atmosphere is marvelously caught. The lazy, care-free life, the weirdly sensuous music, the native songs and dances, together with the setting, transport us directly to the islands. And in the last act the suggestion of molten rock and the tongues of spouting flame are beautiful as well as awe-inspiring. The best acting is done by Miss Laurette Taylor, who as Luana, suggests wonderfully the Hawaiian girl. Her make-up is attractive as well as realistic. Miss Taylor has caught in a remarkably way the guttural sound of the language and throughout the play she keeps its curious accent. She has given the most painstaking study and care to the role, and has reached the point of mere imitation to the spirit of the thing. She is quite frankly animal and in the use of her body shows a freedom that is astonishing in any one but a native. The actors are all competent. Guy Bates Post as Dean, the drunken beach-comber, is very good as are also Lewis Stone as Paul Wilson, Pamela Gaythorne as Diana and Ida Waterman as Luana's foster mother. The natives, however, who sing and dance are responsible for the local color. A suit has recently been brought against the author and producer of "The Bird of Paradise," by Mrs. Grace Fendler who charges that a manuscript of hers has been plagiarized. But the charge has not been proved and the play goes merrily on nightly to good audiences.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, March 19, 1912.

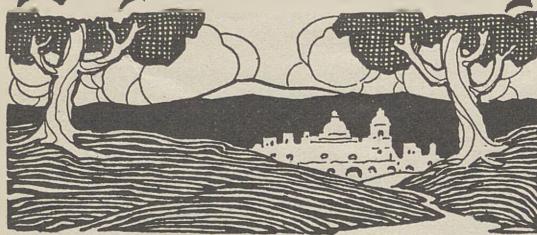
GRAPHITES

That is a curious instance of pre-natal influence which is unfolded by a damage suit against a street car company in St. Louis which is asked for an award by the mother of a child born without fingers on its right hand. The contributory cause is alleged to be the driver of a wagon who held up his maimed hand when his vehicle struck the car in which the gestating woman was seated. The outcome of the suit will be watched with interest. A nice decision in equity is in the balance.

London suffragists are probably responsible for the defeat of the woman suffrage bill which the adverse action of the New York senate has just killed so far as the present session of the legislature is concerned. The antipathy to the reprehensible methods employed by the militant suffragists of the English capital was reflected over here and doubtless delayed the women of the Empire state in getting recognition.

Winston Churchill, first lord of the English admiralty, wants twenty-one dreadnaughts built in the next six years. An expenditure of only two hundred million dollars or so and all because Germany's growing strength is menacing Great Britain's naval supremacy. Meanwhile, two or three millions of laborers are out of work.

By the Way



Getting Even With Rob Rowan

With a memory dating back to the financial panic of 1907 which, rightly or wrongly, Rob Rowan attributes to President Roosevelt's attitude toward Big Business, the frame of mind with which the well-known and successful real estate operator received a typewritten invitation to act as committeeman in Southern California to advance the Roosevelt campaign cause, may be better imagined than described. The appointment was signed "W. B. Kinley," and its assumption of Rowan's acceptance was such that when Rob read it he went, metaphorically, straight up in the air. For all his suavity of manner and Chesterfieldian politeness of speech, Robert, on occasions, has been known to use strong language and this was one of the times. He stormed up and down his long office holding the offending paper in his clenched fist, meanwhile, apostrophizing the writer, the subject, the memory of 1907 and, in short, everything connected with the unkindly past. Then he called up Marshall Stinson. But Marshall was out. Meyer Lissner, then. Mr. Lissner's cold and calculating voice replied, "Kinley? No, don't know anyone of that name. Cannot enlighten you," and the receiver went up. Just then Lou Isaacs happened in and Rob recited to him his troubles. Lou read the invitation carefully and began to grin. Rob's eyes started to enlarge, "What is it?" he asked. "A plant," returned Lou. "You've been sold. It's a frame-up!" and it was. Rob's incorrigible brother-in-law, Nat Wilshire, had put up the job in the effort to get even for one of Rob's practical jokes on him. Which is why Rob is laying awake nights planning how to retaliate in a fitting way.

Adonis of Chicago Here

Twenty years ago Major John B. Jeffery was accounted the handsomest man in Chicago, and seeing him this week in Los Angeles, I could almost swear that he is still entitled to the first prize, although a trifle grayer of beard and locks. The same dulcet tones, the same delutherin' ways; a second edition of General Sherman, plus a lower-toned voice—minus the confidential whisper, but just as hypnotic. The major was at one time superintendent of the old Chicago Journal plant, in the days when Col. Wilson made it a stalwart Republican organ under the late W. K. Sullivan's editorial eye. With Mark Twain, Melville E. Stone, Franc B. Wilkie, John F. Ballantyne, and other lights of journalism long since extinguished, Stone of the Associated Press alone remaining, Major Jeffery founded the Chicago Press Club in 1880, I think it was and in that body of free-thinkers I used to hobnob with him, when I was younger in the profession. The major is a past master in the art of publicity and if, as is hinted possible, he is made chairman of the publicity bureau of the San Francisco Exposition, the northern city will have cause for felicitation. I hope the major will be good enough to walk up and down Broadway every afternoon while in Los Angeles. I should like our beautiful women to have the pleasure of feasting their eyes on his still exceedingly personable figure, the short time he remains with us.

Prosperity in Bank Shares

With a bid of \$1000 for Merchants National Bank stock, the city has been securing valuable advertising. There are not many communities where such a price is paid for bank shares. In fact, barring New York, San Francisco, and perhaps three or four financial centers, such a quotation is not found. I doubt if a great deal of stock of the Merchants National could be gathered in, even at the present high level. There has been a remarkable increase in the values of the city's principal banking shares recently, due to the phenomenal business done. As an illustration, Merchants National could have been acquired at about \$400 a share two years ago, showing an increase of a hundred and fifty per cent. First National has been tilted from 500 to 700 in about the same time, while the Security Savings, quoted in the open market at about 285 two years ago, is now selling at 450. German American Savings, which might have been acquired at about 250

in 1909, is selling at better than 400. The total increase in the market value of these several stocks has been several million dollars in the last twenty-four months, with most of the lesser known bank shares having had a rise in proportion.

Fielding Stilson's Temporary Setback

There will be only regret for the mishap that has overtaken Fielding J. Stilson, head of the well-known stock brokerage house. In his efforts to protect his friends who invested in Oleum oil stock on his advice, Fielding sunk more cash than he could well spare from his business, and temporary embarrassment has resulted. Doubtless, his wealthy relatives will come to his aid and tide over the immediate stringency. Of personal integrity, beyond a question, warm-hearted, enjoying the deserved confidence of a large clientele, he has built up an enviable business in the last ten years and only an overconfidence in the oil field that has proved faithless is responsible for his present misfortunes. I know I voice the general wish of his many friends that his speedy rehabilitation in Stock Exchange circles may follow.

Won His Way Into Partnership

When Edgar K. Brown, son of my old friend Mr. J. E. Brown, of the Los Angeles Street Railway board of directors, was received into Judge D. K. Trask's office last August, following his postgraduate course in the law at Yale, I took pleasure in felicitating the young man on his opportunities. He had previously won his B. L. and A. B. degrees at the University of Southern California and in other ways had proved the good stuff that was in him. This week, I am still more agreeably surprised to hear that Judge Trask has shown his appreciation of his trusted clerk's applied talents by taking him into partnership, along with his fellow-clerk Albert J. Norton, the brilliant young Democratic leader. The firm name is Trask, Norton and Brown, and a five-years' agreement has been drafted. I am sure that Judge Trask will not repent this coalition of forces. It is a live trio.

University Club's New Officers

Insurgency was rampant at the annual election of directors of the University Club last Thursday night, when from a nomination of sixteen, Charles E. Richards, Edward L. Mayberry, George W. Dyer, Edward Johnson, Robert P. Jennings, Clair S. Tappaan and Elmer Grey were the winning seven. The first three named in the order given were chosen respectively, president, vice-president and secretary-treasurer. Of these seven, Messrs. Mayberry and Tappaan served with the retiring administration. The other four are new blood.

Right Kind of Suction

J. W. A. Off, and a Los Angeles syndicate have just struck it rich in acquiring the Southern California rights in a new hydro-suction cleaning machine, which has made a big hit. The cleaner is likely to prove a bonanza to John Off and his associates, who invested as a sort of flier, with no idea that the machine would prove a gold mine.

Anything But Green

Monday noon, the luncheon guests at one of the popular confectionery shops of the city, were aroused from their peaceful contemplation of their lettuce sandwiches and malted milks by the hasty advent of a man who rushed to the manager's desk and boomed forth the question, "What do you think I am?" The manager's suave reply only increased his anger. "O, you sent my order all right, all right," spluttered the excited caller. "Ye did, like —. Here I order pistachio ice cream sent to me house for a St. Patrick's Day luncheon. The Jap boy serves it all right, all right, and when it comes to the table—all of us sons of Erin, mind you—it's orange ice!" As the room roared its approval of this rich joke the perturbed customer realized his mistake and toned down, coughing a little nervously as he backed out, followed by the titters of the audience he had aroused.

Millions to Come South

Three months delayed, the sale of the San Francisco Home Telephone Company to its older rival finally came through this week, which means that several Los Angeles men will receive a large sum of ready cash. Among those who will benefit are Bishop Conaty, Henry E. Huntington, and John B. Miller, each of whom went to the company's assistance after the San Francisco fire, when ruin stared it in the face. In fact, most of the \$9,000,000 that has been paid for the San Francisco plant will come south, but, as usual, the public will not reap much benefit. The Home Telephone Company in San Francisco, as well as elsewhere, pays into the public treasury where it operates a certain percentage

of its gross receipts. It also pays other taxes which will be wiped out now, as the Sunset is exempt from those particular provisions of the law, since it was doing business before they were enacted. In Los Angeles, these percentage taxes aggregate in excess of \$30,000 a year, and with the San Francisco trade completed, this city probably will be the next place to have a "uniform" service.

Notable Guest Coming

Helen Gould, who is coming to Southern California, will be the guest when in Los Angeles, of an aunt who has been a resident of this city for twenty years. Miss Gould was here about four years ago. She is traveling in a private car with a party of friends and after visiting Los Angeles and San Francisco will go to Coronado.

Expert on Rate Regulation

Chief Solicitor T. A. Norton, of the Santa Fe, who has been in the city several days, was for a time assistant to the late Judge N. T. Sterry, when the latter was head of the company's law department west of Albuquerque. Norton, a former newspaperman of Topeka, has climbed high in his profession since rate regulation was first undertaken by the government a few years ago. I have heard it stated that, with the possible exception of Interstate Commerce Commissioner Franklin K. Lane, Mr. Norton is the best authority on this subject in the United States.

Ethics of the Profession

Judge J. W. McKinley it was who as attorney for Mrs. Katherine Tingley a few years ago secured for his client a large cash verdict against the Los Angeles Times, which money General Otis and his business associates were forced to pay. Now the situation is reversed and it is Judge McKinley, who as the chief counsel on the other side, has succeeded in breaking the will that lost Mrs. Tingley a large estate. All of which indicates that the lawyer for the defense today may be the attorney for the prosecution tomorrow. I am not surprised that Madame Tingley declined to listen to verbal castigation administered by her former counsel. What a pity that she did not retain his able services. In that event the outcome of the trial might have been different.

New Ostrich Feather Concern

That there is to be strong competition in Los Angeles for the ostrich feather business, is evidenced by the formation this week of a new concern known as the California Ostrich Company, of which Andrew M. Chaffey, W. W. Mines, Philip L. Wilson, John E. Fishburn, W. F. Staunton and John S. Vallely are the directors and chief stockholders. The company is capitalized for \$100,000 and will establish its farm on a site yet to be selected along the Short Line, with a retail house on Broadway, for the sale of its feather product. Of the directorate, all are well-known Los Angeles capitalists, with the exception of Mr. Staunton, who is a director in the big Pacific-American Ostrich Farm at Phoenix, the largest ostrich farm in the world. The managing director of this new enterprise will be Mr. J. S. Vallely, long in charge of the Cawston Ostrich Company at South Pasadena. Without knowing anything about conditions, I predict that this new firm will bring Edward Cawston back to Los Angeles within a month to learn what's what. Undoubtedly, the new undertaking is inspired by the financial success of the big company now in the field, which has proved a great source of profit to the shareholders of late years.

Pleasant Surprise for Charley Elder

Charley Elder had a surprise a few days ago—not of a domestic nature, but possibly it gave him about as much satisfaction. He asked Robert Marsh, W. W. Mines and C. F. W. Palmer to look over the properties of the Los Angeles Investment Company and give an estimate of their true value. When this was done and the figures turned in, the total was found to be in excess of \$7,200,000. As this was \$3,426,000 more than the real estate value carried by the company on its books, President Elder had good cause for satisfaction. These appraisers are men whose knowledge of Los Angeles realty conditions is undisputed and as they are in a way competitors of the Los Angeles Investment Company, they should be inclined to conservatism in making an estimate. As I see it, if the realty of the company has come to be worth the amount stated, it means that the stock of the company is now worth more than \$4 a share, though the company price is considerably less, nor does that figure take into account the "good will," which is a feature generally rated as about one-third more. Last month, the Los Angeles Investment Company added about two and a half million dollars' worth of

property to its realty holdings, in and adjacent to Los Angeles, and paid on the same nearly one and a half million dollars in hard cash. February purchases alone overshadow the best of the competitors of the company in their total holdings. The acumen of Messrs. Elder and Deeble has nowhere been shown more vividly than in their real estate acquisitions and it is to their operations in large realty deals that much of the wonderful prosperity and growth of the company are due.

Mosby's Case and Others

Jack Mosby, soldier of fortune, to whose case The Graphic has heretofore called attention, is still in jail here, the result of the remarkably tedious working of Federal court procedure. Mosby is among those arrested for violation of the neutrality laws in the Diaz rebellion. The extent of his offense was to give his services toward the overthrow of the former president of the Mexican republic. So far as known, Mosby fought in that cause with credit to himself and to the principles he represented. It is not charged that he stole, committed murder or did any of the other crimes enumerated in the decalogue. He gave himself into custody when he learned that a warrant was out for him, and after a preliminary examination he was sent to jail in default of bail, where he has been dying of consumption as the result of a wound and exposure. Meanwhile, Bert Franklin, confessed jury briber, is free, and the youngster who recently took all of the capital and part of the surplus of a Pomona bank was not locked up until after public opinion forced the authorities to act. Mosby should be released from custody, or he will die, and that before long. Such is the report of the physician in attendance.

In a Reprehensible Game

Money sharks who make loans to salaried people at five per cent a month, and more, have begun to invade the residence sections of the city with printed literature, and unless the practice is stopped there is likely to grow up an evil beside which the menace of the racing game were a blessing. The circulars that are scattered broadcast have an especial appeal to young men and women, and many of them have been known to mortgage the personal belongings of their friends and relatives—a felony, of course. The step once taken, the victim is in the absolute power of the shark, who can bleed the borrower to any extent. One of these cases came under my observation this week wherein the mother of a young man who had borrowed \$20 on their furniture and was paying seven per cent a month, was forced to settle at a heavy sacrifice to keep her boy out of jail, where the lender had threatened to put him for mortgaging another's property.

No Respecters of Bibles

Los Angeles hotels are now equipped with Bibles, \$15,000 worth of the sacred volumes having recently been distributed. According to owners of certain east side lodging houses, few of the books will remain long in their present moorings, guests already having become "attached" to them. They are sold for whatever they will bring, one saloon east of Main street having advised the police station that a dozen of the sacred books were offered by panhandlers in exchange for liquor. The Bibles thus installed are the result of the recent Gideon movement.

Fortune in Tanglefoot

Otto Thum, brother of Pasadena's mayor, who has just decided to become a permanent resident of Los Angeles, is among the heaviest taxpayers of this city. I believe the family owns the site of the Express building on Hill street, among other holdings, and the brothers never sell. The family lived in Grand Rapids, Mich., for many years. Otto Thum is to build a handsome home in Brentwood Park. Tanglefoot fly paper was their source of wealth.

Bard is For Taft

Thomas R. Bard's espousal of the cause of President Taft for renomination, is by far the most important political incident of the presidential preference primary campaign. I am rather surprised that the anti-Roosevelt managers have not used the facts to better advantage. Evidently, Chairman P. A. Stanton is in need of a press agent. Thomas R. Bard was a Lincoln-Roosevelt enthusiast when Hiram A. Johnson, Meyer Lissner and other leaders in that movement were not even listed in the campaign. It was Bard who was elected to succeed the late Stephen M. White, when the railroad political bureau tried so hard to put over Col. D. M. Burns. That contest ended in a deadlock, with no colleague for George C. Perkins in Washington for nearly two years. An extraordinary session of the legislature was needed to end a struggle that had been of exceptional bitterness. At that time Senator Bard's strongest supporter here was the

Times, which originally waxed fat and prosperous fighting for the political principles it now deems revolutionary. If Senator Bard can be prevailed upon to issue a statement for publication that he is for Taft, both Ventura and Santa Barbara counties may possibly declare for the President in the May primary.

Bon Voyage to Frank Wiggins

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wiggins, who left the city Tuesday, are to visit Panama, where the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce expects to familiarize himself with conditions. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins will join Mr. and Mrs. Alden W. Skinner in Switzerland, after which the party will tour Europe together.

Believes in Personal Devil

Dr. J. R. Campbell of London, lectured to the ministers of Los Angeles this winter and when he reached home he wrote among other things, in the Christian World:

At Los Angeles, where we had a large gathering of ministers in the Congregational Church, of which the pastor is Dr. Horace Day (who was at Oxford with me in my undergraduate days), one of the questions asked me was, "Do you believe in a personal devil?" and the question was greeted with a roar of laughter from the assembly. It appears that the questioner was a very orthodox brother. As soon as the laughter subsided, I replied, "Yes, sir, lots and lots and lots of them." There was another roar of laughter, and curiously enough the questioner seemed quite satisfied with my reply.

Certainly, a man who believes in a personal devil, should not object to another man's believing in a score or so of the Satanic emissaries. The more demonology a few individuals I could name can encompass the happier they are.

Tampering With Tampico News

Tampico, which a week ago was said to be on fire with anti-American feeling, is the port on the Mexican gulf where the Mexican Petroleum company ships most of its product in all directions. E. L. Doheny, who was on the ground at the time of the reported outbreak, wired a few days later that no such eruption as had been mentioned really took place. There has been no hostility toward Americans in that section since the Madero revolution broke out, and in the Diaz rebellion there was no trouble of any kind in that locality. Evidently, correspondents of certain papers have been knocking out extraordinary space bills recently, with little foundation for their stories. A brother of John Alton of the Farmers & Merchants National Bank of this city, who has long been a resident of Tampico, sent no information here of the reported disturbances, which seems to indicate that no serious trouble has occurred.

May Have Shredded Wheat Plant

It is not improbable that the Shredded Wheat Company of Niagara Falls, perhaps the largest institution of its kind in existence, may establish a plant in this section. One of the directors of the company is expected to be in Los Angeles to inquire into conditions before long, and if they appear favorable, as to freight rates, cost of labor, raw material, etc., a branch factory will be erected. Of course, such a project would be of incalculable advantage to this city, providing employment for hundreds and proving of great benefit to wheat-growing ranchers hereabouts.

As Sharp as His Razors

King C. Gillette, the safety razor millionaire, who is building a mansion overlooking the Pacific at Santa Monica, has recently added to his Los Angeles holdings by becoming a large stock owner in the Security Trust and Savings Bank, according to a story in circulation in the financial district. Mr. Gillette acquired his shares in the open market, and the total of his holdings is said to represent an investment in excess of \$200,000. It is reported that he is to take over more than half a million dollars' worth of stock in another prominent financial institution.

Itching to Annex Territory

Determined to remain the largest city in the state and of the Pacific Coast, San Francisco will try hard to have enacted a constitutional amendment that will permit her to annex not only the San Rafael sections, but also the entire district on the Alameda shore, including the cities of Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda. Such a city would mean a total population of about 750,000, separated by about three miles of salt water. Leslie Hewitt, an expert in such unions, has been asked to assist in working out the details that shall make a certainty of the proposed scheme. Meanwhile, Los Angeles clearings continue to run those in San Francisco a close race. A year ago the comparison was at about 75 to 50, in favor of the northern city. Now

the total is at about 60 to 40, with the San Francisco figures weekly moving down, while the aggregate here keeps moving up.

Taft Proclamation Deplored

Word reaches me this week from Mexico City that not only American residents, but citizens of other countries and Mexicans generally do not believe that we have handled our end of their situation with any credit. The Taft proclamation ordering Americans to leave the country, as their government could not give them protection, is regarded by the average Latin mind as a sign of cowardice. It is declared that none of the big powers would have issued such a state paper—at least, diplomacy in England, France and Germany has never been conducted in that way. As a consequence, I am informed, American lives and property really are in greater danger since the publication of the Taft circular than ever before, and it will be a long time before our people stand as well with Mexicans as they did prior to the Taft warning.

Roosevelt May Follow La Follette

It is declared that Theodore Roosevelt is to make a speaking tour of California in the wake of Senator Robert La Follette, in which event he will stop in Los Angeles and at San Diego. While it is not altogether a certainty, it is not unlikely that he will get here the latter part of April. He is being importuned to go by several confidential friends who fear that the La Follette dash through Southern California may pull apart what to this time has been a strong Roosevelt-Johnson political organization. An interesting sidelight on the situation in California is the fact that Governor Johnson's father has been chosen president of the Taft club at the state capital.

Hope Again Deferred

Once more the widening of Sixteenth street is to be delayed for an indefinite period. This proposed improvement, one of the most important confronting the city, has been in court for years. Last week it was decided that because of an error in proceedings the work must be abandoned. For years, the property owners affected have had in the municipal treasury the money to cover the cost of improvement. They are out interest and are unable to learn when their money is to be refunded. Most of them are convinced that the Roosevelt theory of appealing from judicial decisions is not so revolutionary as has been intimated.

Club Train Popular Innovation

Following in the wake of the Santa Fe, the Southern Pacific also has installed a club train service to and from the Pacific Coast. The latter will be in commission May 1, and will operate between Chicago and San Francisco. It is to clip four hours from the present schedule between Chicago and San Francisco, and there is to be an excess fare of \$10 charged to passengers. The new Santa Fe train, which exacts an extra tax of \$25, has proved a phenomenal success, and is to become a fixture, with the probability that the service to and from Los Angeles will be a daily affair by 1915.

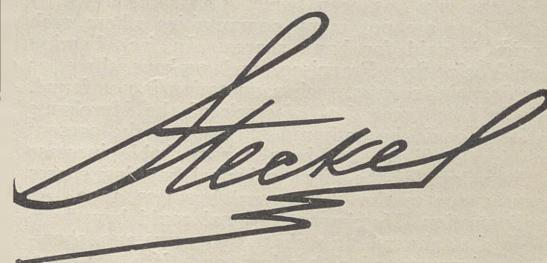
Beet Sugar Men Worried

Congressman Kent alone of the California delegation in the lower house voted for the passage of the Clark-Underwood free sugar bill. The measure is causing no end of worry among the beet sugar interests here. Owners say that the bill will ruin them if it is enacted into a law. It is rumored that President Taft will veto the bill if it passes the senate and is approved in joint session.

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Books

Mr. Thurston, author of the "Garden of Resurrection," is one of the few novelists whose charm arises from their ability to appreciate the sentimental importance of trifles. He is another Barry in this respect. The City of Beautiful Nonsense and the home of Peter Pan are alike inetropoles in the pleasant country of emotional fantasy. Peggy O'Leary and the little governess might have gone to school together. Bellairs and the self-appointed godfather of the Little White Bird must surely have belonged to the same club. It may be said of these writers that they have infinite imagination or equally that they have preserved a sense of emotional proportion. It is all a question of the point of view. Certainly their subjects are genre enough, but their treatment is delightfully impressionistic. Yet this does not explain the pleasant spell that these literary enchanters cast upon us. Is it true that they are telling us fairy tales, that our enjoyment of them is half a guilty pleasure at finding ourselves so unsophisticated? Or are they, after all, the real purveyors of the eternal verities, new discoverers of those wellsprings of happiness that we civilized beings persist in clothing with the vast superstructure of what we fictitiously refer to as "affairs of importance"? What are the realities of life, the things that matter?

We of the elect surely know how to answer this question, nay, are answering it daily, to the detriment of our pockets, as like as not, and our reputation in the eyes of Mr. Nose to the Grindstone. A few of us, at least, believe that while these so-called important matters may direct our apparent destinies, our individuality—the only thing that really matters—is moulded by our relation to the little things of life. It is really of small importance whether we die rich or poor, a brigadier general or the village poacher, an honored Crabbe or a disdained Thompson. But our individuality matters vitally, for our happiness and that of others depends upon whether we are sour or sweet, whether sunsets please us and children want to play with us, whether we find organ-grinders picturesque or merely dirty, whether, in a word, we recognize individuality as well as exert it.

It is the little things that Mr. Thurston glorifies, inducing them with a wonderful shining robe of sweetness and romance. The "Garden of Resurrection" is not a strong book. In some respects it is so slight as to challenge our sense of verities. Yet the people who move in it are wonderfully vivid and for the most part lovable. Clarissa, it is true, is a little visionary, but then the story is not really her story at all, but that of Bellairs, the "ugly devil" with a heart of gold. We are disposed to think that the psychology is a little amiss somewhere when we are told that no woman had ever cared for such a man, notwithstanding his ugliness. If he were so repulsive as all that it is hardly possible that even Clarissa, despite all that he had done for her, would have come to love him in just the way he had hoped for. But psychology is poor tippie to take a-picknicking in the pleasant lanes of romance. We love Clarissa and would be greatly disappointed if she had failed at the last to make her friend and protector happy.

But the charm of the "Garden of Resurrection" as of all this author's books, lies above and beyond the actors and their doings. It is the little

intimate touches, the delightful descriptions, the strange twists of thought that win our hearts. Here it is a bed of Lady Grizel Hamiltons, elsewhere the pawnshops at the top of Chancery Lane, or perhaps it is a Bloomsbury boarding house, or the navigators of the Round Pond, or one of a thousand other small affairs. The touchstone of a wonderfully sympathetic imagination is applied to them and, lo! they are golden memories, cameos of delight. A rare gift this, and while he retains it Mr. Thurston will never fail of his audience. For all love to read of happiness though not all of us practice it. ("The Garden of Resurrection." By E. Temple Thurston. Mitchell Kennerly.)

"High School Debate Book"

In each crop of students from high, and common school there is a group of aspirants for oratorical and forensic honors. These are also the aspirants to public honors. To such as these is offered a good and experienced adviser in "The High School Debate Book," by E. C. Robbins, debate coach at the State University of Iowa. In four condensed talks the nature and importance of debating are set forth, the methods of collecting and preparing the material, the "briefing," or analytical notations of essentials in the case and a few hints with regard to the actual presentation which will afford much effectual aid to the young contestant. By the way of concrete illustration such live questions as "Government Ownership of Railways," "Initiative and Referendum," "Woman Suffrage," "Municipal Ownership," "Capital Punishment," "Old Age Pensions," "Commission Form of Government," etc., are briefed; and numerous sources of information in books and magazines cited. A model constitution for a debating or literary society, that will help over a vexatious process in school and college activity, is included, and interesting information with regard to certain bibliographical work at the Congressional Library, also. ("The High School Debate Book." By E. C. Robbins. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"Lonesome Land"

Under the euphonious alliteration "Lonesome Land," B. M. Bower (or Miss B. M. Sinclair) "reports" the facts, together with certain extenuating circumstances, in a divorce case and scandal of the prairies, in the process. This verdict is occasioned by the fact that there are three distinct impressions, so out of accord with each other as to unbalance the perfect poise of the finished work. Briefly, the story deals with the effects of the great monotonous stretches of prairie country, and its primitive, unconventional life upon two rather commonplace individuals, a man and a woman, who marry. Manley Fleetwood, who is anything but manly, celebrates the coming of his prospective bride to this region where the most ordinary of human relations should mean so much, by getting gloriously—no—beastly, devilishly drunk. So unsophisticated is Valerie Peysen she does not realize that his stupidity and headaches are the results of man-invented causes. In her pride and ignorance she subjects her lover, in a foolish burst of temper, to the severe test of a puritanical disapproval and to the storm of a cowboy "chivaree." So the story begins with putting the reader out of patience with both the hero and the heroine. Manley

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE

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is a pusillanimous cad and so continues; Valerie is a fool. But the prairie sets the woman to thinking. Little by little her hero husband appears to her in his real character. There are certain elements of pluck and strength in Valerie that develop in the long, lonely, heart-breaking days at Cold Springs ranch, that stir the sympathy wonderfully; that make the relations with "the other man," Kent Burnett, appear, if not quite correct or conventional, at least human and somewhat to be expected. But in the conclusion the harmony is hopelessly jangled. The moral tone has not the firmness of construction to make it excusable. There is no real strength of character in either Burnett or Mrs. Fleetwood at the supreme moment; and the reader feels a sordid sense of having finished a highly-colored "report" of a scandal in the Morning Bazoo. Which is quite annoying and considerably disappointing, as the pictures of ranch life on the frontier and of the characters at "Hope, Montana," are cleverly drawn and really entertaining. ("Lonesome Land." By B. M. Bower. Little, Brown & Co.)

Five Thousand an Hour

George Randolph Chester may always be depended upon for a catchy twist of dialogue, a light humor that is a grateful entertainment. Even when he waxes intense, Chester's humor comes uppermost. It is not the sort of thing that can be repeated and gain a laugh, but in reading it is the occasion for many a chuckle. Nor is his latest book "Five Thousand an Hour," any exception to this rule. Johnny Gamble, his hero, sees Constance Joy at a race track and falls in love with her. Finding out that unless she marries Paul Gresham she forfeits a million dollars, Johnny sets to work to gain a million in a stipulated period, intending to offer it as a bribe to Constance to accept him in place of Paul. Of course he does it—wild speculation, exciting times, almost failing, but not—and all that sort of thing that is possible, but not probable. Johnny Gamble—how significant are the names of the hero and heroine—is a delightful creature, and undoubtedly will be transferred to the stage one of these days. His operations are interesting—everyone likes to read of money when it is done in this fashion. The best feminine character in the book is Polly Parsons, a breezy, jolly, slangy and whole-hearted lass, more human than the sweet Constance, who is rather Laura Lean Jibbeyish. The dialogue is delicious—a deft juggling with words that is the essence of humor, if not of wit. The book is typically American, and it moves with all the speed of a racing motor car, setting the blood a-tingle without causing its readers to become feverish. "Five Thousand an Hour," by George Randolph Chester. Bobbs Merrill Co.

Notes From Bookland

Among the collection of letters and manuscripts now on exhibition in Charles Scribner's Sons rare book department is a three-page letter from Gen. Washington to Gen. Greene. It is an exceptionally fine letter, of a rather personal character, relating to actual plans of campaign. Another letter is one by Lincoln authorizing the celebration of Washington's Birthday, and accompanied by a letter written by Elihu Root, once Secretary of State, referring to it. One particularly interesting document is that signed

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by Edward VI. of England and the Council of the Regency, with the seal of England attached. There is also George Meredith's original manuscript of his poem, "The Longest Day," and the first collected edition of "Walton's Lives."

G. K. Chesterton now lives in the country a few miles from London in the dainty little village of Beaconsfield. That is the reason, doubtless, why he is writing a preface to A. H. Beverstock's volume on the agricultural laborer in England. "There was a revolution," says Mr. Chesterton, "in England at the time of the French Revolution. In two aspects it differed from the French. It made no noise, and it was a triumph of the rich over the poor—especially the rural poor."

Sir Gilbert Parker stopped long enough in New York on his way to London to wax enthusiastic over the Arizona climate and scenery. He found the air of Prescott even more bracing than that of St. Moritz and other Alpine resorts, where he has frequently been for his health. In spite of a naturally delicate constitution, which sent him in his early twenties to the South Seas—the scenery of which he has used as a background of his latest book, "Cummer's Son"—he succeeds in doing more than a man's work.

William Hard's series of magazine articles on the modern woman is being brought out in book form under the title "The Women of Tomorrow," by Doubleday, Page & Co. Prof. Zueblin writes an introduction, in which he says: "The woman of tomorrow will not differ from the woman of yesterday in femininity, or physique, or capacity, in her charm for men, or her love of children, but in the response of her eternally feminine nature to a changed environment. The environment is bound to alter the superficial characteristics of woman as every change has done. Man, in his turn, will be a beneficiary of this new womanliness, as he has been the ready victim of the old womanishness."

Samuel McChord Crothers was born at Oswego, Ill., June 7, 1857, and is the son of John M. and Nancy Foster Crothers. He was graduated from Princeton in 1874, and received the degree of D. D. from Harvard in 1890. He married Louise M. Bronson of Santa Barbara, Cal., Sept. 9, 1882. He was ordained a Presbyterian minister in 1877, but entered the Unitarian ministry in 1882. He has been the pastor of various Presbyterian and Unitarian churches. Since 1894 he has been pastor of the First Church, Cambridge, Mass. He is the author of "Members of One Body," 1894; "Miss Muffet's Christmas Party," 1901; "The Gentle Reader," 1903; "The Understanding Heart," 1903; "The Pardon's Wallet," 1906; "The Endless Life," 1906; "By the

(Continued on page 15)

Music



By W. F. Gates

It is little wonder that Arthur Foote should dedicate one of his late choruses to the Lyric club of Los Angeles; the wonder is that he didn't write a better one. This club at its concert at the Auditorium Friday week, again evinced its standing as one of the best women's choruses in the country. Possibly realizing that there is not great variety in a series of choruses for women's voices, the management took care to spice the program with vocal and instrumental solos and to use choruses of contrasted character. The two larger numbers were Bemberg's "Death of Joan of Arc" and Elgar's "The Snow," which the club sang with good feeling for dramatic values. It needed only the backing, or rather the foundation that an orchestra or the big organ of the Auditorium—which, strangely, is allowed to remain silent—could give. Two hours of feminine tones, however good, leave one feeling "up in the air," harmonically. Mrs. Shank sang the incidental solos of the Bemberg number with understanding of their dramatic values; and Mrs. L. J. Selby surprised even those who know her ability by the all-round excellence of her work in three solos. The Franz "Im Herbst" was especially well done and with the others, showed the singer to have large range, a firm and well placed voice and a style that makes the good contralto voice popular. Marcel Meyer played a Romance (Arthur Foote) and, with his son, the incidental violin parts in certain choruses. He is a thorough artist in appearance and style of performance, unassuming, but full of well controlled sentiment. Mrs. Hennion Robinson again accompanied—and without notes; no light task, but one which she carries easily. Several lighter numbers were delightfully shaded, and no one but a person who has had experience as a conductor fully realizes what it takes to get these effects. Mr. Poulin is at his best with this chorus. One of Brahms' Hungarian dances, arranged for voices by Harry Shelley, proved to be one of those few things that can be taken from instrument to voice with good effect, making almost a gain by so doing, not a fiasco, as does the vocalization of the Chopin "Funeral March," for instance.

What a talented girl Paloma Schramm is. The other night she gave a piano recital at the Auditorium that was as broad and eclectic as any given here in the last year or two by the best artists. Miss Schramm, now a full-fledged and much-traveled artist, was the musical pet of Los Angeles about fifteen years ago. After several years of concert giving, she has been for the last two or three years in Los Angeles, studying and teaching. Coming before her public again in this big program, naturally, there was room for comparison with more heralded names, from which she did not shrink. Miss Schramm is essentially graceful in her personality, hence her music partakes of the same characteristic. Pachmann and Bauer had preceded her on the same stage by only a brief interval, and it is evident that her sympathies are with the former rather than with the latter. One thing is certain—she makes several of her composers more interesting than did the much-trumpeted Bauer. He shines in the big things, the concertos, et al., she in those works in which polish and delicacy are more essen-

tial than size and volume. Nor is this saying that Miss Schramm lacks power or volume of tone where needed. Those beautifully moulded hands and arms are full of good Teutonic muscle and the piano she used was called on for volume as well as nuance. And it responded beautifully.

My good friend Colby says he didn't write it—what the Express said of Paloma Schramm's playing. It announced, "Miss Schramm plays her notes one after the other with remarkable fidelity as to their positions on the staff, but without any regard to their time values. Often, her tempos were so halting that the music seemed about to come to a stop. The dramatic pause is one of her pet effects. Again and again she leaves her audience breathlessly suspended in the middle of a phrase. Even languid were her halting phrases. The famous 'tempo rubato' was overworked. The pains the composer took to write down the individual notes might have been spared." So read several sentences. And this in spite of a statement in the same article: "She essayed a program that would have taxed the powers of many a more mature artist, and carried it off with nothing but credit to herself. Comparisons (with Busoni, Lhevinne, Rosenthal, Carreno, Verne, Bauer, Elvyn and Hoffmann) did her no harm." Puzzle—find out how Miss Schramm really did play! Brother Colby says he was sick about the time of this concert, but he did not state whether it was before he read this notice in his columns or afterward.

Another of the humors of musical advertising: A recent announcement in Los Angeles tells of voice production by the "kinemacolor process." How is it that the specialists have overlooked the possibilities of advertising as vocal aviationists?

Mr. Von Stein has imported for his school, from San Francisco, a vocal teacher of the caloric name of Mustard, H. D. Mustard, baritone. Is Los Angeles, then, so deficient in vocal hot stuff? Hitherto, no one has suspected that there was any lack of spice in the Von Stein school.

Next Tuesday afternoon, at Blanchard Hall, the Woman's Orchestra, under Harley Hamilton, will give its second program for this season. Among the numbers programmed will be Haydn's thirty symphony, a Tavani-Marchetti suite, "La Fete de Seville," Dvorak's Slavonic dance and a fantasy on themes from "Madame Butterfly." The soloist will be Frances Jude, violinist, who will play the Sarasate "Ziegenerweisen." Mrs. Gertrude Ross accompanying at the piano. This orchestra of about fifty women players is unique in its composition and long continuity of organization, having played under Mr. Hamilton for about fifteen years. The to-be-expected changes in the personnel have kept the pulchritudinous attractions of the orchestra up to par these long years.

Vernon Spencer and Ralph Wylie continue to give their afternoon recitals at Blanchard hall, the last one being Friday afternoon.

Sibley Pease, organist of the Westlake M. E. Church, is giving a series of organ recitals at that church Sunday evenings, that of last Sunday including the Nocturne from the "Mid-

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summer Night's Dream" music, a Pachmaninoff prelude and Arthur Foote's "Festival March."

Mrs. J. T. Newkirk is giving a number of pupil musicales at her home on Menlo avenue, the last being Thursday evening of last week.

Inasmuch as Bonci, the tenor, is soloist at the next Symphony concert, it would be well for those who have not tickets for the Symphony series to provide themselves at once for this date, as Bonci will be a card that will fill the house. It may be deplored that the dear public will go to hear a popular singer when it will not to hear Beethoven or Mendelssohn performed by an orchestra of fifty; but one might as well accept the fact and advise readers that the house will be sold out on account of Bonci's coming.

Henri la Bonte, better known in Los Angeles as Henry Balfour, has an interview in Musical America in defense of singing in English. It is a sad commentary on the singers of the day in English-speaking countries that such defense is necessary, but the fact remains that there are not a dozen clear enunciators of English in the first rank of great singers. Mons. la Bonte truthfully says, "What gives the singing in English a set-back nowadays, is the slovenly enunciation which our native singers inflict on the public," but how about the worse enunciation that native foreign singers exude, trying to achieve a little added popularity by attempting to sing in a language they do not talk? Of studying in Europe he says, "There are numerous charlatan voice instructors infesting the musical centers of Europe, especially Paris. There is a great system of graft prevailing in European musical life. The dollar is chased in Europe just as much as in America—and squeezed a great deal harder. There are just as good vocal teachers in the United States as anywhere in the world. True, the opportunities to prepare for opera here are not so great as in Europe, but that is the fault of the opera houses and not of the teachers." Mr. Balfour's success in the east is gratifying to his many friends here, who hope that he will have all the large success his perseverance deserves.

Emma Eames and de Gogorza took a notion to jump ten concert contracts and sailed for Europe recently, leaving their manager in despair and their audiences "Wotifin' at de choich." Manager Behymer had a little dose of that recently. He had placed Pepita Arriola for a concert in a town between here and Frisco, and waited the prodigy. But none appeared. Getting worried, Behymer advised the concert committee to substitute Myrtle Elvyn, who had an open date. Committee replies, "Don't want an artist;

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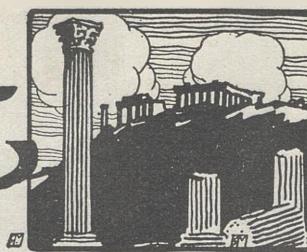
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want a prodigy." Behymer sits tight—so does the audience, until about ten p. m., when it sadly disperses, with no increased kindness of heart toward prodigies. Arriola had sailed for Europe from New Orleans, neglecting to mail his adieu to Papa Behymer.

Friends of Archibald Sessions will be delighted to hear of his success in Paris, both at the American Church and in the important organ concert work with two fine orchestras, as also in London. It is his intention to make his Easter service a Frederick Stevenson festival which will be doubly pleasing to friends of both organist and composer. This is reminiscent that Miss Dorothy Chevrier (contralto) sang in fine style Mr. Stevenson's "Salutation of the Dawn" (from the Sanskrit) at Miss Coleman's Pasadena concert last week. The piano and strings accompaniments by Miss Coleman and the Brahms' String Quartet with Miss Chevrier's good work brought out to the full the fine points of Mr. Stevenson's composition.



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK.
California Art Club—Blanchard Gallery.
C. Harry Allis—Daniell Gallery.
Martin J. Jackson—Copp Building.

Scarcely a day passes that I do not hear complaints uttered by local painters about the lack of paintable subjects in or near Los Angeles. "I haven't been painting much of late," declared Miss X., a talented landscapist, "because I can't afford to go away on a sketching trip." "I am not doing much just now," asserted Mr. Y., "I don't find paintable landscapes near enough to my home; And," confessed Mr. Z., "a desert excursion is very expensive, hence I have few new canvases to show."

To me these remarks seem superficial and rather absurd and serve as a proof that our local painters have been bitten by that microbe of unrest that leads the individual afar to the snow-blue heights of foreign peaks in search of the tiny Edelweiss while the musk roses are blooming unseen in their own back door yards. To a great soul every new-born day brings to the homely vista around about fresh inspiration and untasted beauty. The faces that we have long known grow plain because we allow the farther vision to cloud the mirror. Travel is now an essential to the true great. Thoreau in his log cabin set deep in a virgin forest above the Hudson proves this statement. He saw the bigness of life, the immensity of nature, and the inexhaustible resources of earth in the swaying pines, in the flight of birds, and in the dew-hung cabbages in his garden. Standing one mornning on the fog-wrapped banks of his beloved Hudson, he noticed an upland farmer rolling a skiff loaded with melons down to the market in Albany. In this humble scene Thoreau summed up the commercial aspect of the world and gave to literature that incomparable essay "Commerce." Albrecht Durer once said, "I believe that no man liveth who can grasp the whole beauty of the meanest living creature." Nothing was too small or insignificant for Durer to make into a masterpiece. Mme. Modjeska, returning to "Arden," her California home, once said, "O, Arden, my dear paradise, a thousand years of life would not teach me one half of your beauty."

Those in Los Angeles who really know the exquisite landscape about the city or within easy walking distance will agree with me that no artist need stray far afield to fill his sketch book. The beaches, I admit, have been rather overdone, also the Arroyo and the old missions, yet I make bold to say that their smallest possibilities in paint have never yet been even remotely suggested, with but few exceptions, by local painters. However, if you, my dear wielder of the brush, have tired of these, I pray you accompany me on one of my tramps to remote foot-hill regions where wild beauty sings to the wild hills and the open sky. Only yesterday I stumbled upon a queer, cup-like canyon near Garvanza and standing on a great boulder counted six perfect compositions for paintings.

* * *

An illustration of the vast store and great variety of paintable subjects to be found within a stone's throw of his home can be seen in the permanent exhibit which Franz Bischoff maintains in his beautiful studio gallery on the banks of the Arroyo at Lincoln Park. Mr. Bischoff, noted as one of the world's greatest ceramic artists,

deserted this branch of art for the legitimate several years ago and since that time has won a permanent place in the ranks of western landscape painters. His development as a painter of oil colors has been notable for its consistency, sincerity, and rapidity. Seated in his unique studio a few days ago I heard from this genial painter's lips the story of his transition from a decorator to a landscape painter. I inspected several huge portfolios of sketches in various stages, each notable for a point in technique, each evidence of the growing-up of an American painter. These colorful sketches, and there were an hundred that I did not see, are merely finger exercises, quick, short-hand notes in the great course that attends an artist before he "arrives." Almost all of these many delightful sketches were made within a ten-minute walk of Mr. Bischoff's studio. Bits of Arroyo landscape, oaks and stream, sycamores, cows resting, cows feeding, everyday effects on hill and stream, and wide angle vistas of the variegated "dry creek" region. These are direct and simple in treatment and full of excellent technicalities. Two fine subjects were taken near Azusa, two in Millard Canyon, and three in Eagle Rock Valley.

In the main gallery where is always to be seen a representative collection of Mr. Bischoff's finished work, in addition to "Road to Village," "Cliffs and Sea," "White Roses," "Cloud Shadows," "Roses," and "Path to Church," which have been previously reviewed in these columns I noted several new studies of merit and charm. "Rainy Day, Arroyo" is a small canvas full of subtle treatment and freely handled. "Roses" is rich in color and decorative in arrangement. Several large studies of chrysanthemums painted in the artist's own garden add variety and color to the collection. "Deserted House," a familiar subject to all who tramp in the arroyo, has lent itself to the artist's idealism with pleasing results. "In the Garden" and "The Fountain" are notable for their scintillating color, and "Cattle Resting" is fine in tone harmony and good in values. "Valley Road," "Gray Day," "Rain in Arroyo," and "Shadows" are all fine landscape renderings made almost in Mr. Bischoff's very door yard. "I never have to go very far away from home for my inspiration to paint," declared the artist, as his eyes swept the panorama of hills before his door. "I have more material for pictures than I can paint in a lifetime and I do not have to search for it beyond my home."

* * *

Announcement is made this week by the American Museum of Natural History, New York, of an exhibition of canyon, desert, and cliff dwelling paintings by Frederick Melville DuMond. This exhibition, which is attracting much attention, is being held in West Assembly Room of the Museum on West Seventy-seventh street, New York. Mr. DuMond is well known in Los Angeles. He has maintained a studio in the old Baker Block on Main street for several years and has on two occasions shown his large Salon canvases at the Blanchard Gallery. Mr. DuMond is showing thirty-four canvases at this time, none of which has been seen here before. A New York critic says, "Mr. DuMond has passed several years in the Southwest and has made a careful study of the ethnology, geology and history of the

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locality from the viewpoint of an artist. The pictures, many of them of subjects never before painted, were achieved in the face of many obstacles and difficulties of life which can be appreciated only by those who have made protracted visits in this region. The hugeness of nature, the moods of the wild desert and its few inhabitants, the enormity of the work of ages, and the wonderful coloring have been seized with understanding and rendered with truth and virility. As Mr. DuMond puts it, "To live in this country forcibly draws you back to the beginning of the race, makes you normal with nature and primeval times."

* * *

March International Studio opens with an article on Maurice Sterne by Martin Birnbaum. This is followed by a review of "The Twenty-seventh Annual Exhibition of the Architectural League of New York" by G. Mortimer Macke. Marion Hepworth Dixon writes an appreciation of the work of Edward Staff, and A. Stoddard Walker presents "James Cadenehead, A. B. S. A., R. S. W. A., Scottish Landscape Painter." Henri Franz writes of "Eugene Boudin, a Painter of the Sea," and A. S. Levitus considers an "Arts and Crafts Show in Vienna." "Mr. Spencer Preys' Lithographs" is the subject of T. Martin Wood's article and Forbes Watson discusses the work of "Eugene Speicher—a New Arrival." Studio Talk, Art School Notes, Reviews and Notices, The Lay Figure, In the Galleries, and A Development of the Farmhouse completes this issue. Many handsome plates add to the attractiveness of the contents.

* * *

First annual exhibition of sketches by members of the California Art Club opened Thursday of this week at the Blanchard Gallery to continue until Saturday, March 30. Let all who can attend this important showing.

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Social & Personal

Instead of a June wedding, as was planned, Miss Sallie Bonner and Mr. Harry Borden have decided to be married April 16. The wedding will take place at the home of Miss Bonner's aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark of West Adams street. Mrs. Henry Carleton Lee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clark, will assist as matron of honor. She has been visiting here for several weeks, and one reason for the change of date is to permit Mrs. Lee to officiate. Miss Juliet Borden, sister of the groom, and Miss Katherine Stearns will be bridesmaids, and Mr. Cecil Borden will be best man. Mr. Clark will give his niece into the keeping of the groom. Mr. Clark Bonner and Mr. Tom Duque will assist as ushers. April 13, Miss Katherine Stearns will entertain for Miss Bonner, who is accepting very little pre-nuptial attention.

Mrs. J. K. Wilson of Venice, Mrs. C. C. Wright of the Rampart Apartments, and Mrs. A. B. Cass of South Pasadena will leave Wednesday for Stanford, where they will be house guests of the Zeta Psi boys. They go north for the purpose of hearing the Junior opera, "The Girl and the Voice," Mrs. Wilson's son, Mr. Weston Wilson, being one of the composers. Mrs. Cass' son, Mr. Louis Cass, is captain of the Stanford foot ball team.

Miss Neva Marguerite Myers and Mr. William Donelson Jones were married Monday morning at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Raymond Myers of 306 North Avenue Sixty-six. In the living room, where the service was read, Killarney roses and ferns were used, and in the dining room, where a wedding breakfast was served, decorations were of acacia blossoms and yellow blooms. The bride wore white lace with garniture of pearls and a long veil. She carried lilies of the valley and bride roses. Miss Helen Myers assisted as maid of honor and wore pink embroidered batiste with baby Irish trimming. The bridesmaids were Miss Sadie Leeson and Miss Mary Howell, and they wore white lingerie over pink satin, with bouquets of Cecil Brunner roses. Mr. Millard Jones was best man. After their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Jones will make their home at San Pedro.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. McFarland, formerly of 1147 West Twenty-eighth street, are now at home at 2659 Ellendale Place.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Andrews have given up their apartments at the Rampart and are again in their own home at 3301 Wilshire boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Janss of Beacon street who recently returned from a visit to San Francisco, have had as house guests this week Mrs. Janss' parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff of the Hotel Fairmont, San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Cluff are returning to the north by way of Riverside, Arrowhead, and other points of interest.

Miss Dorothy Field Simpson has chosen April 16 as the date of her marriage to Mr. Rex Griffin Hardy. Miss Simpson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Du Bois Simpson of South Union avenue. Her attendants will be Miss Francis Vermilyea, Miss Marjorie Bastable, Miss Helen Simpson, Miss Bessie Baker, Miss June Eskey and Miss Marjorie Hibbs. Mr. Merritt Adamson will be best man. Ushers will be Messrs. Herbert Brown, Charles E. Scott, Frank Poole, Barry Cool and Donald Simpson.

Next week Los Angeles loses Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Carpenter and Mr. and Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, who are planning to tour Europe by motor in the summer months. Mrs. Fred Walton will go as far as Chicago with Mrs.

Carpenter, who leaves March 28. Mrs. William Grant Fitch of Hotel Darby gave a charming luncheon Tuesday afternoon for Mrs. Hoerner of New York City. Decorations were of Killarney roses, and silver-monogrammed cards were used. Guests were Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mrs. E. F. C. Klokke, Mrs. William Ennis, Mrs. George Burton, Mrs. Henry Albers, Mrs. J. B. Kissam, Mrs. Charles Rivers Drake, Mrs. J. Ross Clark, Mrs. Holmes of Salt Lake City, Mrs. Stubbs of Cleveland, and Mrs. Miner of Salt Lake City.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Cheney of Berkeley Square entertained Monday evening with a theater party of the Mason Opera House, followed by supper at the Alexandria, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John John Kingsley Macomber. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Chester Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Nat Myrick, and Mr. and Mrs. John G. Mott. Mr. and Mrs. Macomber are visiting here from Delano, Cal.

Mrs. Cummins B. Jones of Gramercy Place entertained Tuesday afternoon with a luncheon at the Los Angeles Country Club in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Frank H. Reilly, who has been her house guest for the winter. Jonquil and greenery were used as decorations for the three tables, and covers were laid for thirty-six. Mrs. Reilly and Miss Elizabeth Ewing assisted Mrs. Jones, each hostess at one of the tables. Mrs. Reilly will leave for her eastern home the first of April.

Herr and Mrs. Thilo Becker of South Alvarado street are planning to give one of their charming musical functions soon after Easter. Mrs. Becker, who is a violinist of great ability, will assist Mrs. George J. Birkel at the Barlow Sanitarium Charity Ball.

Mrs. George Downing Roberts of Hotel Alvarado entertained recently with a St. Patrick's party for Mrs. A. G. Stearns. A box party at the Belasco was followed by tea at the Alexandria, where appointments were in keeping with the occasion.

Mrs. Edward Fisher Hobart of 1610 Marengo avenue, South Pasadena, presided at a pretty bridge luncheon Tuesday afternoon. Forget-me-nots and hyacinths were utilized in the appointments, and also as corsage bouquets. Guests were Mrs. Charles Eggleston of Denver, Mrs. Walter Sebree, Mrs. Sidney Ellis, Mrs. Robert Hardy, Mrs. David A. Vail, Mrs. Arthur Levitt, Mrs. Mary Stringfellow, Mrs. Howard Kelly, Mrs. William Council, Mrs. Ernest V. Sutton, Mrs. James Bryan, Mrs. Robert Thompson, Mrs. Roy Munger, Mrs. Charles Hudson, Mrs. George Busch, Mrs. George Patterson, Mrs. B. F. Huntington, Mrs. Harry Rose, Miss Florence Gifford, Mrs. Norman Marsh, Mrs. Harrison Gifford and Mrs. Jesse Cairns Shoebottom.

Mrs. Lee Phillips of Berkeley Square has called a meeting of her candy booth assistants for the Barlow Sanitarium Charity Ball for Monday morning. Mrs. Phillips' booth is to be a pergola bower of blossoms, and her assistants will wear costumes patterned after "The Spring Maid" creations. Those who will cater to the "sweet tooth" of the festival patrons are Mrs. W. H. Davis, Mrs. George I. Cochran, Mrs. Horatio Cogswell, Mrs. Harry Coffin, Miss Josephine Lacy, Miss Marie Bobrick, Miss Virginia Nourse, Miss Angelita Phillips, Miss Florence Moore, Miss Mary Richardson, Miss Marybelle Peyton, Miss Elizabeth Bishop, Miss Georgia Johnson, Miss Gladys Pollard and Miss Erickson.

Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Carolyn von Benzon, a well known musician of



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this city, became the bride of Mr. George Haupt Matthews. The ceremony was performed at the Immanuel Presbyterian church by the Rev. E. W. Blew, only intimate friends and relatives attending. Mr. and Mrs. Matthews have taken apartments at the St. Cathryn, Bixel street.

Mrs. J. J. Mellus of South Alvarado street has gone to Newport to join her daughter, Mrs. Samuel Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Constantino V. Ricardi have taken apartments at Hotel Alvarado for the spring season.

Mrs. James S. Phillips of 518 Virgil avenue will soon leave for San Francisco, where she will make her permanent home.

Mrs. W. C. Dillingham of this city is making a brief visit in San Francisco.

Four members of the first graduating class of Lawrence University, Wisconsin, held a reunion and luncheon at Hotel Mount Washington Saturday,

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
014591
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.

March 16, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Dorothy Roche, whose post-office address is 1017 W. Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 12th day of January, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application No. 014591, to purchase the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 15; S $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 14; NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 23, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$320.00 and the land \$80.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 29th day of May, 1912, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

March 16. They were the Reverend Henry Colman and Mrs. Colman, Judge W. D. Story of Santa Cruz, and Mr. Justin Copeland of Santa Ana, all of whom graduated in June, 1856. A large basket of California poppies formed the centerpiece, and appointments were all in yellow. Guests were Miss Laura Colman, Mrs. A. J. Lay, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Heath, and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Severson.

Brigadier General Robert Wankowski and Mrs. Wankowski, who have been in San Francisco for several weeks, returned to Los Angeles Tuesday.

Mrs. O. J. Salisbury and her little daughter have returned to Salt Lake City after a visit with her mother, Mrs. W. D. McGilvray of St. James Park. Mrs. Salisbury was formerly Miss Marian McGilvray, one of the most popular members of the younger set.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Braly and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Janss, who have been sojourning in Hawaii will return to Los Angeles next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Willed Andrews of West Thirtieth street have as their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grant of St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Cuthbert Smith and little daughter, Dorothea, of St. Andrews Place, have left for the East for a three months' visit. They were accompanied as far as Albuquerque by Mr. Smith, who will return to Los Angeles in a few days.

Mrs. A. H. Laurie of Seattle is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. J. Alden of West 1253 Thirty-seventh drive.

Mrs. Lon Hickman Mitchell and Mrs. J. C. Brown will give a large bridge party Thursday afternoon at the Hotel Alexandria.

Mr. Herbert Brown will be host this afternoon at a box party at the Mason, in honor of Miss Dorothy Simpson and her fiance, Mr. Rex G. Hardy. After the theater tea will be served at the Alexandria. Miss Gladys Moore and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hastings Rindge have accepted invitations.

Dr. and Mrs. E. D. Stoddard of 607 Hobart boulevard entertained Wednesday evening with a musicale in honor of their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Le Duc, Mrs. A. K. Knapp and Mrs. B. K. Mumford. More than fifty guests enjoyed the program.

Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Lacey have returned from their wedding trip and are established in Drexel place. Mrs. Lacey was formerly Miss Marjorie Bolt.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow are busily engaged in directing preparations for the Barlow Sanitarium Charity Ball which is to be given April 10, at the Shrine Auditorium, and they are being ably assisted by the most prominent matrons and maids of the city. Mrs. Robert Wankowski is to have the punch and lemonade booth, and her assistants are Mrs. Fred O. Johnson, Mrs. Benjamin Johnson, Mrs. Willis Booth, Mrs. W. T. Hutchinson, Mrs. Richard D. Bronson, Mrs. Edward A. Featherstone, Mrs. A. L. Cheney, Mrs. R. H. Edwards, Mrs. F. J. Carlisle, Mrs. Arthur Braly, Mrs. Leo V. Youngworth, Mrs. Herman J. Henneberger, Miss Louise Nixon Hill, Miss Juliet Borden, Miss Gretchen Day, Miss Viola Hamilton, Miss Georgia Off, Miss Winifred Maxon, Miss Marguerite Drake, and Messrs. Samuel C. Haver, Jr., Andrew J. Copp, Jr., Arden Day, Paul Bucklin, Jack Bucklin, George Zimmer and Tim Horan. Mrs. W. W. Mines has charge of the cigar and cigarette booth and her assistants will be Mrs. Edwin Janss, Mrs. C. M. O'Leary, Mrs. W. J. Doran, Mrs. William Innes, Mrs. Walter Perry Story, Mrs. Walter Comstock, Mrs. C. G. Andrews, Mrs. Murray and the Misses Pauline Vollmer, Dorothy Jackins, Ruth Larned, Alice Groff, Aileen Canfield, Katherine Stearns, Ella Gardner, Virginia Walsh, Josephine Lacy and Cora Auten.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cotton of New Mexico have taken the Benjamin Hardinge house on Alexandria street.

Mrs. Willard J. Doran of 1194 West Twenty-seventh entertained informally

at luncheon Thursday afternoon, covers being laid for eight. Decorations were of spring blossoms.

Mrs. C. C. Wright of the Rampart Apartments was hostess Wednesday afternoon at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. J. S. Chapman, who recently returned from abroad. Purple and gold was the color scheme, and was carried out with violets and jonquils. Covers were laid for thirty-six guests. After luncheon bridge was played in the sun parlor, prizes being gold-bordered china. Those who enjoyed the afternoon were Mrs. D. C. Barber, Mrs. W. B. Brown, Mrs. Leo Guyer, Mrs. John K. Wilson, Mrs. Sidney H. Ellis, Mrs. Margaret Worsham, Madame Worsham, Mrs. Fred Fay, Mrs. W. D. Hallett, Mrs. R. H. F. Variel, Mrs. George Rice, Mrs. O. F. Brant, Mrs. R. H. Elliott, Mrs. Moye Stephens, Mrs. C. F. Taggart, Mrs. J. W. Dawson, Mrs. J. S. Mitchell, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Elliott Blair, Mrs. Otherman Stevens and her mother, Mrs. Yocom, Mrs. A. B. Cass, Mrs. D. C. Burkhalter, Mrs. E. E. Easton, Mrs. E. J. Elson, Mrs. C. W. Jackson, Mrs. J. F. Miles, Mrs. A. N. Davidson, Mrs. Joy Winans, Mrs. R. W. Clemson, Mrs. Leo Maguire, Mrs. W. H. Fleet, and Miss Ruth Comfort Mitchell.

Mrs. A. S. Vermillion and her son, Mr. Harry W. Vermillion, have returned from their Eastern visit, and are at their Chester Place home.

Next Tuesday afternoon Mrs. O. F. Brant will give a luncheon at her home on South Figueroa street.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell have returned to their Figueroa street home after a five weeks' stay in New York.

Mrs. J. H. W. Myers of Magnolia avenue gave a luncheon at the Alexandria Wednesday afternoon, followed by a theater party at the Majestic. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Waller Chanslor who is leaving for Portland.

Mrs. William Grant Fitch of Hotel Darby gave a pretty luncheon Friday afternoon, decorations being of Killarney roses, and places being marked with monogrammed cards. Her guests were Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mrs. Thomas Chalmers McLean, Mrs. Albert Sherman Hoyt, Mrs. William Ambrose Mason, Mrs. David De Van Slyck, Mrs. Robert Roe Blackers, Mrs. Montgomery Ward, Mrs. Frank Herman Gilchrist, Mrs. George D. Gregory, Mrs. Eli Lilly, Mrs. Susie Markham Hamilton, Mrs. Rosa Burkhardt and the Misses Charlotte Thomas, Blackers and Ward.

Mrs. Charles C. McKinley gave a charming luncheon at the California club Thursday afternoon, covers being laid for twenty.

Miss Maud Hazel Miller, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Frederick Miller of Twenty-eighth street, has returned from New York city, where she has been studying music.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Briggs of 1400 Kellam avenue entertained at dinner Wednesday, their guests being Miss Bloomer, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Kerckhoff, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Dawson, Judge E. C. Henry and Mr. D. F. Robertson. The affair was in the nature of a reunion of an around the world party which traveled under the personal direction of Mr. Robertson.

At Mt. Washington

Mrs. Ella B. Robinson of St. Louis is registered at the Mt. Washington Hotel.

Mrs. Morgan of Pasadena entertained fourteen friends at luncheon Wednesday at Mt. Washington Hotel.

Dr. Frederick Keep of Hotel Mt. Washington entertained Dr. Elizabeth Follansbee Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Leonard had thirty-two guests at luncheon Thursday at Hotel Mt. Washington, entertaining afterward with a bridge.

Mrs. Sumner P. Quint and Mrs. E. W. Ober entertained Wednesday with a luncheon for their mother, Mrs. Aletta Wilson, who will go to New York next month to meet her daughter.



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ter, Miss Mollie Byerly Wilson, who is well known in this city both in society and musical circles. The affair took place at Hotel Mt. Washington, and the table was decorated with a large Japanese basket of California poppies. Places were marked with suitcases filled with bonbons, Mrs. Wilson having a trunk at her cover. Guests were Mrs. Cora Teague Gries, Mrs. Charles McKeavitt, Mrs. Bertha Bent of Kansas City, and Mrs. William Irving Warner. It is possible that Mrs. Ober will go East with her mother. Miss Wilson is just returning from Europe, where she has passed several years in study. She is expected in Los Angeles about August.

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Cheaters

Elsie Janis is the most fetching comedienne that has tripped the Mason boards these many many days. In "The Slim Princess," which is her vehicle this year, her opportunities are apparently self-made, for the comedy itself is a libel on the name of George Ade, after whose humorous novelette it was patterned. But with Elsie Janis and Joseph Cawthorne, and a good company, almost any collection of songs and dances would go big. The little Janis is a slim creature who dances like a wind-blown thistledown, with a glad abandon and yet a dainty restraint. She has an adorable dimple

who lifts German comedy from the depths of mediocrity to a genial superiority. He is forcefully funny without being obtrusively conscious of it. Cawthorne could cause a smile to flit over the faces of a Dunkard sewing society. Oscar Ragland, the Los Ange'an, who is a great favorite in his home town, is Prince Selim, father of Kalora, the slim princess who is won by Alexander Pike, an American millionaire. Ragland receives a rousing reception every night. If such a thing is possible, he is bigger than ever. As Alexander Pike, Douglas Stevenson is clean-cut, gentlemanly and entirely



MARGUERITE WRIGHT, IN "THE PINK LADY," AT THE MASON

which she doesn't hesitate to turn on, she is good to look at, she has intense magnetism, a stage presence which nothing can disturb and, best of all, she has a way with her. Monday night's audiences did not "warm" to her at first, but by the time she had finished her imitations and given one or two dances it was ready to ask Mayor Alexander to present the key of the city. Miss Janis as an imitator is far superior to that wonderful "Cissy" Loftus. With the aid of a hat and a few hair pins she gives Ethel Barrymore, Anna Held, Sara Bernhardt, Georgie Cohan, Eddie Foy, and others with a fidelity uncanny in its completeness. She has a most able assistant fun-maker in Joseph Cawthorn,

pleasing, especially as first assistant in Miss Janis' dancing. Julia Frary, who plays Kalora's stout sister, should be restrained from using her voice until she learns to refrain from using more than two keys in one song. The chorus is unusually attractive, and the song numbers and dances are catchy affairs.

"Landslide" at the Belasco

Austin Adams has written an excellent novel in his play, "The Landslide," and should proceed to incorporate his epigrams and arguments into a book without pause. As a play it is not artistically successful. There is much that is good in it, much that is true, and a vein of rich comedy, but it is

Easter Parasols

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the Rev. Dr. Rose of James Applebee, and Bolt, the Socialist, by Thomas MacLarnie.

"The Faun" at the Majestic

There is a whimsical delight in Edward Knoblauch's comedy, "The Faun," which William Faversham is presenting at the Majestic theater this week, not the smallest part of which is due to the work of the interpreter. It is a quaint creation—this woodland creature, child of the moors and meadows, the brooks and the wind, devotee of nature, who comes into the hothouse of society, where even the sunlight is not warm, and the blood is kept hot by artificial fires, or else allowed to remain tepid. Into the household of Lord Stonbury comes a faun, Sylvani, who has been sleeping in a large urn among the geraniums. Stonbury is about to end his earthly career with a bullet, owing to the fact that he has just lost more than his belongings in an unfortunate race. Sylvani persuades him to postpone the action, promising that if "Stony" will introduce him to society, he, Sylvani, will ask the horses which will win at the races—therefore making Stony's betting book show a series of winnings. The bargain is made, and Sylvani, with his horns and his hair cut, and his tail neatly curled about him, is put into the harness of polite society, which he startles, insults, throws into chaos with his childlike candor, his frank speeches, clean and manly, which their hothouse minds mistake for immorality because of its truth. But the faun persists, and in the little circle that gathers about Stony, his influence is felt. Stony's fiancee—his because his title is purchasing her money—elopes with the artist whom she really loves. Stony and his cousin are brave enough to declare their affection for each other—to become man and woman, and not orchids in a conservatory. And then the faun hears the pipes of Pan thrilling across the hills at dawn, and throwing off his habiliments he dances out across the gardens into the freedom of the open road. It would be so easy to make Sylvani a grotesque creature—but not in Mr. Faversham's hands. It is a quaint creation of twinkling eyes and frank heart—an eerie demigod who is glad of the joy of living. Faversham's comedy is delicious, but never boisterous—what in another actor's hands would be absurdity and awkwardness in his is natural and charming. His best assistant is H. Nye Chart who plays Lord Stonbury like an English gentleman. His resemblance to Max Figman, by the way, is startling at times. Julie Opp does

not come up to the role of Lady Alec—which she makes entirely superficial. Miss Daisy Belmore's tempo is terrific—a slower pace would make her work far more effective, a criticism also to be applied to Arthur Elliott who frightfully overdoes Sir Ernest, the Solicitor. The play really belongs to Mr. Faversham as the Faun, and to Mr. Chart. Their work alone would make it worth while.

Stable Attraction in Fischer's Follies

Fischer's Follies Company caught on immediately at Fischer's Lyceum, and already is an established institution. The personnel shows a large number of capable principals, the chorus is comely and graceful, and the opening vehicles of metropolitan freshness. In "The Never Homes," Lew Fields' latest success, there are any number of catchy tunes and ensemble numbers, with much opportunity for individual shining. May Boley, comedienne par excellence, has the role of Patricia Flynn, a political boss, and needless to say, Miss Boley jumped into instant popularity. Her rotund jolliness is a feature in her favor, and as for her

Guinan is especially successful in her parody on Madame Tetrazzini. Mlle. Vanity, the premier danseuse, introduces a number of clever dances in this sketch. The entire show runs smoothly, exceptionally so for an opening performance, proving the effect of good training. There seems to be no reason why Fischer's Follies should not be one of the best attractions in the city.

Clever Monologuist at Orpheum

Julius Tannen, the Chatterbox, is one of the best monologuists on the Orpheum circuit, and his appearance this week is an oasis in the midst of an arid desert. His patter is refreshingly new, his manner establishes an immediate cordiality between himself and his audiences, and he does not rely on suggestion for his laughs. He almost succeeds in making one forget the impossibly bad sketches that have preceded him. The Orpheum "make-up" man was certainly wise in putting Mr. Tannen at the last—since his value is doubly appreciated. Ida O'Day has the most inconsequential sketch ever



LOUISE DRESSER, HEADLINER ON NEXT WEEK'S ORPHEUM BILL

ability—well, May Boley could turn a dirge into a laugh-producing song. Texas Guinan is a magnetic creature, with a dazzling smile and a pleasing voice, and Jane Urban, the soubrette, fully deserves the warmth of approval accorded her. Bob Lett is making a big hit in the part of Daly Bunn, his parodies threatening to detain him an unlimited time, so well do they please his listeners. Ann Montgomery, formerly with the Hartman company, is also in the cast, and her "In the Shadows" song, sung with Madison Smith, is one of the best things in the production. Madison Smith is a well set up leading man who makes a favorable impression as Dr. Breeze. Not the least pleasing feature is the work of little Gertrude Short, who plays Fanny Hicks, with the assistance of stubby Bud Duncan. In the satirical "Song Birds" sketch, which is a satire by George V. Hobart and Victor Herbert, the company is even more successful. An audience always finds huge enjoyment in a supposed "behind the scenes" act, and the stronger the fun it pokes at the quibbles and quarrels of theatrical people, the more it tickles. Texas

conceived by a pink-tea writer. Surely, Maud Tarlton Winchester, who conceived it, is a debutante or a "sob-sister" writer on a hearth-throb column. Maud's idea of a sketch should be preserved in alcohol as a warning to budding dramatists. The best thing in it is Miss O'Day's playing of a banjo. Harry Beresford's personal work is excellent in "Old New York," and his setting is admirable—but O, the sketch! Melodrama, platitudes and weeps, bad acting and construction—these are part of its faults. Mr. Beresford "gets over," however, hampered though he is by his vehicle. Pouchot's Flying Ballet has been seen previously. It is a graceful and beautiful scene—just enough of it to prevent the audience from tiring. The orchestral concert is a bright spot, and the motion pictures of the usual interest.

Offerings for Next Week

Manager Wyatt of the Mason Opera House announces for his next attraction the musical comedy de luxe, "The Pink Lady." Owing to the unusual nature of the piece and its widespread

Moroso-Blackwood Co., Props. and Managers. **MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER** Main Street, Near Sixth, BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, MARCH 24, 1912.

The Burbank stock company will present for the first time on any stage, Charles T. Dazey's new play,

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The Belasco stock company will offer the second week Austin Adam's comedy of day-after-tomorrow.

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Regular Belasco prices for this important offering.
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SIXTH WEEK BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, MARCH 24TH

FERRIS HARTMAN and his big company in the sixth successful week of

Walter De Leon's new musical comedy

The Girl and The Boy

Popular prices. Matinees Sunday and Saturday. Popular Mat. Tuesday.

popularity it will be retained for two weeks, beginning Monday, March 25, with twelve evening performances and four matinee presentations. "The Pink Lady" is the musical comedy in which the famous "My Beautiful Lady" waltz was introduced. This is but one of eighteen song hits. Klaw and Erlanger are sponsors for the piece. It ran for more than four hundred performances at the New Amsterdam theater in New York, where it was the rage of two seasons. About the time it is being played here it will also be presented at the Globe Theater in London, where it will stay at least two years. "The Pink Lady" is in reality a play with music. Its books and lyrics are by C. M. S. McLellan, who wrote "The Belle of New York." The story was adapted from a French farce, "Le Satyre," by Georges Berr and Marcel Guillemaud, which in its original form ran for 250 nights at the Palais, in Paris. To this story Ivan Caryll of the Gayety Theater, London, has ad-

justed a score of haunting melodies. The company of ninety members seen in the piece is well balanced and selected with the view of adding to the charm of the story. In the cast will be found John E. Young, Olga de Baugh, Ruth Thorpe, Octavia Broke, Josie Intropidi, Mannie Jarreau, Louise Kay, Raymond Bottomly, Georgie Majerona, Harry Depp, George Reed, John J. Scannell, Alfred Fisher, Jack Ryan, and a host of others.

After several weeks of careful preparation and two weeks of rehearsal under the personal direction of the author, "Captain Lafitte," the new Charles T. Dazey play, will be given its first production on any stage at the Burbank theater Sunday afternoon. A new play by Mr. Dazey is an important event in theatrical circles, and after its presentation here it is to be taken on to New York. The Burbank management has made elaborate plans for the presentation, and it has been necessary to employ two new actors as well as a host of auxiliary players to fill the many roles. Mr. Dazey has chosen as his hero the noted Louisiana pirate, Lafitte, who with his three thousand followers offered service to General Andrew Jackson for protecting New Orleans against the British. It is the story of Lafitte's redemption through love of a beautiful Creole girl. The last act, showing the battle of New Orleans, has called forth every resource of the company, and it is said will be a revelation of stagecraft. Forrest Stanley will have the title role, David Hartford should find excellent opportunity as General Andrew Jackson; Franklyn Munnell, the new second man of the company, will play Casa Calve, and Clifford Robertson, another new member of the company, will appear as Captain Shannan.

Louise Dresser, who is a sort of queen of musical comedy, has been lured into vaudeville, her original love, by Martin Beck, and will gladden the hearts of Orpheum patrons and top that theater's bill the week beginning Monday matinee, March 25, appearing in popular songs from her musical comedy successes. She is in the class of big stars which the Orpheum had been presenting of late. Accompanying her is a strong bill, one big feature of which is the first showing of Malasso's French pantomime, "La Somnambule," with Nina Payne, R. St. Elia and a number of assistants. It tells a Parisian story, mostly in dance, and has caused a sensation. Two real Irishmen, Donovan and McDonald, come with a skit called "My Good Friend," in which Irish melodies, Irish dances and patter are introduced. Claud Roode is a slack wire artist of unusual merit. The Flying Ballet remains, as do Harry Beresford and company, Julius Tannen, the chatterbox, and Ida O'Day. Unusually fine orchestral music and world's news motion pictures are promised.

"The Landslide," Austin Adams' new comedy of day-after-tomorrow, is attracting no little attention at the Belasco theater—in fact so popular has been its first week that the management has decided to meet the demand for seats with another seven days. Of course, the first week's playing has smoothed away all ragged edges, and the action moves with machine-like perfection. With its delightfully humorous situations, always with an undercurrent of deadly seriousness, the new play has tickled the fancy of the populace. The Belasco organization is now giving a thoroughly capable presentation of the piece, which deserves a second week, as it is an interesting innovation—a theatrical novelty. After "The Landslide," the organization will offer Lottie Blair Parker's famous success, "Under Southern Skies."

Madame Sarah Bernhardt and Madame Gabrielle Rejane have perpetuated the fame of their acting by finding immortality in motion pictures. Bernhardt has played "Camille" before

the motion picture camera and Madame Rejane has produced "Madame Sans-Gene." The announcement that these pictures will be seen at the Majestic theater next week has attracted widespread attention. The Divine Sarah was paid \$30,000 for her one performance of "Camille" while Madame Rejane received \$25,000 for her performance of "Sans-Gene," these sums including the services of their original Parisian companies. Both actresses were immensely pleased with the films—which speaks well for their merit; for great actresses are hard to satisfy. Following the first view of



May Boley, at the Lyceum

them in Paris, Madame Bernhardt remarked, "I have conquered a new world—that of the motion play. I never thought I would be a film, but now I am several whole reels of pictures. I rely for my immortality upon these records." A popular scale of prices will prevail for this attraction. The pictures begin Sunday night, and there will be daily matinees.

Fischer's Follies company will give another week of "The Neverhomes" and "The Song Birds" at Fischer's Lyceum, beginning Sunday night. Both comedies merit further continuance, however, for the unanimous opinion of press and public is that as to production, personnel, musical worth, costumes, etc., the show is one of the best that has been seen here. Texas Guinan, May Boley, Ann Montgomery, Jane Urban, Laura Oakley, and Mademoiselle Vanity are already popular idols, while Madison Smith, Bob Lett, Herbert Cawthorn, Bud Duncan, Lon Chaney, Charles Dudley and others of the male contingent are also favorites. Any rough spots which may have appeared at the first performance have been rubbed down, gingery work is shown by each member of the cast and

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chorus, and the resultant smoothness is a delight. The old policy of the Wednesday "two-bit" matinee has been retained, but the Sunday and Saturday matinees are given at night prices.

Walter De Leon's musical comedy, "The Girl and the Boy," is to go for a sixth week at the Grand Opera House. The fiftieth performance will be attained this afternoon, which in itself is a remarkable record. It begins to look as if "The Girl and the Boy" will run until the century mark is reached. The public seems unable to get enough of Mr. De Leon's amusement efforts. First it was "The Campus," which broke all stock records by running 212 performances. Now it is "The Girl and the Boy," which has caught public favor and bids fair to break even the run of "The Campus." The latter is a clean and wholesome musical comedy, bubbling with youthful spirits. It has nearly a score of song hits. It has fifteen or more charming dances, and its company has found the advantage of team work. Matinees will be given Tuesday, when bargain prices will prevail, and Saturday and Sunday, with the regular scale.

In order to assist the movement for a municipal theater which is being propagated by the Friday Morning Club, the associated clubs, and others interested in civic improvement, Tetrazzini will give a matinee concert Easter Sunday afternoon, April 7, in Shrine Auditorium. The sole purpose of this popular priced matinee is to prove the necessity of a municipal theater wherein many appearances can be arranged on a similar scale of

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prices—one dollar—particularly the Sunday afternoon concert or lecture which is such a boon to the busy folk who cannot attend such affairs through the week. Madame Tetrazzini and her excellent company will be assisted by Mons. Mascali, the popular baritone of the French opera company.

Alessandro Bonci, the lyric tenor, and the Flonzaley Chamber Music Quartet will close the musical season of 1911-12 in April. Bonci will appear April 9, and also with the Symphony Orchestra.

NOTES FROM BOOKLAND

(Continued from Page Seven.)

"Christmas Fire," 1908; "Oliver Wendell Holmes and His Fellow-Boarders," 1909.

Hall Caine has gone to Rome to finish, amid the monuments of the past, the new novel on the divorce question which he will publish next fall. The newest photograph of Mr. Caine makes him look like Charles Dickens, an appropriate resemblance for the Dickens centennial. In his last photograph the resemblance of Mr. Caine to Shakespeare was found striking by people who were not disturbed by Mr. Spielman's recent discouraging remarks on the Shakespeare portraits. Mr. Caine likes both resemblances.

The new novel by Mrs. Barclay, author of "The Rosary," called "Through the Postern Gate," promises to be one of the "best sellers" of the year in this country. It is said here that Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Mrs. Barclay's publishers, have already paid her \$110,000 in royalties, and that the circulation of her four previous novels aggregates 900,000 copies. The sales of the new novel will increase this to more than a million.

Owen Johnson, whose completed, planned and merely promulgated list of forthcoming works is calculated to make the publicity man at his publishers' chortle in glee, is delaying his impending trip abroad because of the illness of Mrs. Johnson. The Owen Johnsons went to Bermuda recently on their wedding trip, and, returning, ran into one of the worst storms of the year, which buffeted the boat and its passengers to such an extent as to upset nerves generally, and Mrs. Johnson has been one of the worst sufferers from the experience. As soon as her health allows it, they will sail for the continent.

Brander Matthews' collection of stories, giving a variety of snapshots of New York life, has just been published under the title, "Vistas of New York," by the Harpers. Two other books appearing at the same time are "The Road to Joy," a semi-devotional gift book for Easter reading by Louise Collier Willcox and "The Monitor and Merrimac," telling the story of the famous battle in the words of the actual participants.

Among the most notable "first books" published this year are "The Shadow of Power," a historical novel, by Paul Bertran, and "The Story of a Ploughboy," by James Boyce. Both these author's names are pseudonyms, Paul Bertram being an English-writing Italian, and James Boyce a young Scotchman named Anderson, who began life as a ploughboy and is now a gardener.

In a few weeks the Century Company will publish a book by John Muir on "The Yosemite," with 32 full-page insets in duotone ink. Recent publications are "Theoretical and Physical Chemistry," by Prof. S. Lawrence Bigelow of the University of Michigan; "English Composition and Style," by Prof. William T. Brewster of Columbia University, and "English Fiction," a survey of the English novel from the fifth to the twentieth century by Prof. Carl Holliday of Vanderbilt University.

Two volumes of poetry on the Spring list of Doubleday, Page & Co., are: "Far Quests," by Cale Young Rice, and "Plantation Ballads," by John A. Lomax of the University of Texas, and recently elected President of the American Folk Lore Society. In his forthcoming volume, as in his book of "Cowboy Ballads," Prof. Lomax has made a contribution to American folklore, bringing together here, for the first time, "real negro folk songs that have been handed down from generation to generation since the earliest slave times. Both words and music will be given." Another book for

early Spring publication is "The Life of Woodrow Wilson," by William Bayard Hale, contributing editor of The World's Work.

Frederic S. Isham, author of many popular works of fiction, is at present in New York, although his home is in Detroit. Mr. Isham is known as a confirmed globe trotter, and has visited all parts of the world. His fictional characters are usually drawn from real life, in substance being composites of three or four persons Mr. Isham has known.

Two Playlets at Women's Press Club

Two one-act playlets are to be presented at the next meeting of the Women's Press Club Tuesday afternoon, March 26, at the Woman's Clubhouse, and invitations have been extended to the drama sections of other women's clubs. The first playlet, a comedy by Caroline Foster (Mrs. E. K. Foster), is a picture of contemporary life, the characters representing typical, every-day Americans. The plot centers around Mr. John Wetherell, an impulsive young Easterer, and his complicated relations with members of the Brighton family—the father a prosperous, warm-hearted, hot-tempered business man, the nervous, doting mother, and the pretty, capricious daughter, who dominates the household. The second playlet, though only twenty minutes long presents a serious problem. Its author, Mrs. Bertha Wilkins Starkweather, is an earnest student of sociology, and her knowledge has been gained at first hand. After years of school teaching on the prairies, in crowded cities and among the Indians, she sought employment in laundries and canneries where she studied industrial conditions. She served the Chicago Bureau of Charity as a visitor, and in the discharge of her duties was sent to pawnshops, employment agencies, questionable establishments, etc., and many times dealt with employers in the interests of injured workmen and their families. After attending lectures at Chicago University she went to the steel mill districts of South Chicago, passing her evenings with the workmen. She even served as cook in a restaurant near the mills until worn out, she went to a little settlement near Hull House, to rest. Here began her friendship with Jane Addams. Later, she worked as a laundress in Helicon Hall, finding Upton Sinclair's colony experiment so fascinating that she remained until the building was destroyed by fire. Then she worked with Sinclair in New York city, looking up "stuff" in the great clipping department of The World. After the publication of her articles on the steel mills in Everybody's Magazine, Mrs. Starkweather stayed in Pittsburgh, studying mill conditions there, and then went to Elbert Hubbard's "Roycroft Inn," where she waited on table for five dollars a week. From East Aurora she gladly traveled west, and since she came to California she has put into dramatic form many of her sociological experiences. "The Idemnity," which is the title of her playlet, is the first to have a local production, and will serve to introduce her to Los Angeles as a playwright. Between acts Miss Laura Smith will give an informal talk on local dramatists.

Good Work by Playgoers Society

Those interested in the development of modern drama and the efforts being put forth to encourage it locally will be pleased to know that Friday morning of March 15 members of the Playgoers Society of Los Angeles were guests of honor at the "Irish Day" at the Friday Morning Club, at which time a selected cast from the society presented for the first time in Los Angeles Wm. Butler Yeats' symbolic sketch, "Cathleen ni Houlihan," to an audience which taxed the club room's capacity. In this little play, which is scarcely more than a fragment, Yeats had a much bigger idea than he was

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able to carry out. "One night," he says, "I had a dream, almost as distinct as a vision, of a cottage where there was well-being and firelights and talk of marriage, and in the midst of that cottage there came an old woman in a long cloak. She was Ireland herself, that Cathleen ni Houlihan, for whom so many songs have been sung and about whom so many stories have been told, and for whose sake so many have gone to their death. I thought if I could write this as a little play, I could make others see my dream as I had seen it."

This quotation shows the plan of the play and no more takes place than is here described. The author of "The Land of Heart's Desire" should have been able to make more of this unique plot than appears on the surface of the sketch. If this dream was so vivid and fixed, he might have struck its real spirit more surely than he did, for only the lack of locality and the weird poetic utterances of Cathleen lend atmospheric touches to the scene. With more purpose of plot the play might have been one of the really big things of dramatic literature; as it is, without the introductory note on the program it would be difficult to guess what it was all about. To the student of modern drama this play makes strong appeal by reason of its beauty of line of tonal coloring.

Caroline Ferris, a talented member of the Playgoers Society, was seen to great advantage in the title role. She played upon her full round voice with extreme ease doing that difficult thing of passing from speaking to singing without breaking time. Her chants are full of color and the lyric quality of her voice is of rare beauty. Allan Box, as Michael, played a difficult part with intelligence and the Bridget Gilbane of Miss Dora Holmes was a delightful character drawing. Miss Maude Howell, Doe Mackey, Victor Rotman played minor parts in a satisfactory manner. The general public will have an exceptional opportunity to witness this playlet, Friday evening, March 29, at the Polytechnique auditorium, on which occasion the Playgoers Society will present a triple bill of literary plays. The feature of this event will be a scenic production of Robert Browning's great dramatic poem, "In a Balcony." Costumes for this offering are being made from designs taken from celebrated paintings by John W. Alexander. Miss Wilkes will be seen as Constance, Miss Dora Holmes as the Queen, and Everett C. Maxwell as Norbet. In addition to "Cathleen ni Houlihan," "The Rising of the Moon," by Lady Gregory, will be presented for the first time in the west.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

010181
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,

March 6, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Jacob H. Richter, of Sawtelle, Cal., who, on April 14, 1910, made Homestead Entry No. 010181, for $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, NW $\frac{1}{4}$, SW $\frac{1}{4}$, NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 10, Township 1 S., Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 16th day of April, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Lois E. McBride, of Sawtelle, Cal.; Charles Farrow, of Sawtelle, Cal.; Frank Siert, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Henry Mundell, of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.



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Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

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Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

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Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

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Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

03920
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,

March 15, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that George Addison Fremlin, of Calabasas, Cal., who, on February 19, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 11272, Serial No. 03920, for Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, Section 4, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 26th day of April, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Louis Oliviera, Jackson Tweedy, Thomas Dorf, all of Calabasas, Cal.; Jos Russell, of Newbury Park, Cal.

FRANK BUREN,
Register.



Stocks & Bonds

Security markets have been without features this week, so far as Los Angeles Stock Exchange trading is concerned. The volume of business has been about the smallest of the year, and while the quality has been generally of the best, prices as a rule have been slightly easier than those recently prevailing.

Associated Oil has been the one exception in a market that has been almost clean of anything like ordinary stability. The stock has been gaining since the last report and at this writing the rise is close to four points over the recent low. It is rumored that the company, finally, has been really disposed of as a whole, with an entirely new management, excepting a few of the best known Southern Pacific executives in charge, only, however, for a time. Influential European interests are now said to own control. It is believed that the recent coal strikes abroad have turned the attention of powerful people in Europe toward the California oil industry, to the advantage of petroleum shares listed here as well as in San Francisco.

Doheny Americans are dull, while the Mexicans owned by the same interests appear to be showing remarkable strength, in view of conditions south of the Rio Grande. Exchange Alley, however, continues to cool its ardor, waiting for the listing of Mexican common, in New York, with the expected placing of the stock on a dividend basis. Meantime, a respectable short interest in this market may force the shares up several points between two days almost any time. The stock, therefore, should be a purchase.

None of the Unions is showing up particularly well, with indications for better prices, however, for all of the three Stewarts. Union interests here listed the company's recently issued 5 per cent first mortgage bonds, for trading in this market.

Central continues asleep. The important Santa Maria stocks are looking up. Rice Ranch is firm at about the best of recent high prices, with Western Union inactive for the time. Palmer, in the face of a reported sale to an English syndicate, is not strong.

There has been considerable of an easing in the price of the principal bank stocks, which have been climbing recently to unexpected levels. Security Savings is off about five points, with First National, however, firm. German American Savings is better than 400, and Merchants National appears to have stopped at the thousand dollar mark, for the present, at least. F. & M. National has receded about \$20 a share this week.

L. A. Home preferred acts as if the shares would like to go up, but for the manipulation of inside interests, which, apparently, are determined to retain control of the market at all hazards. In the bond list, Union Transportation 5s are in demand. The Edison issues continue firm.

Among the cheaper oils, California Midway is weak, with National Pacific inactive. The latter will be assessment off March 28.

There is as yet nothing serious doing in the mining shares, so far as this market is concerned, although New York and San Francisco have a boom in this class of securities. The latter city, especially, has been doing more in the Goldfield and Tonopah

shares than prior to the earthquake and fire even. Down here Consolidated Mines is in demand, and that issue is much too manipulative to be attractive to the public.

Money is easy and plentiful, with a tendency for better things yet in store for borrowers, with safety-valve collateral.

Banks and Banking

New quarters of the First National Bank in the Van Nuys building, corner of Seventh and Spring streets, are to be ready for occupancy the latter part of this year. The main entrance on Seventh street opens into a lobby fifty-eight feet wide, and one hundred and ten feet long, around which will be arranged the officers' quarters, tellers' cages, etc. The counter line will be of French and Italian marbles, and tellers' wickets of gold-plated bronze. The equipment will include every convenience for the comfort of the bank's customers, as well as of its employees, and all mechanical devices that will facilitate the handling of business. A special feature will be the women's department, with teller's cage containing four wickets for the exclusive use of women patrons. A ventilating plant is being installed by which fresh air is taken from the top of the building, forced through a spray of water, virtually washed, and then cooled and distributed through the banking rooms, changing the atmosphere about every eleven minutes. A vacuum-cleaning system will be a novel feature, also pneumatic carriers. The basement will be equipped with a down-to-date safe deposit vault and booths, committee rooms, etc., for the use of customers—this section being entirely apart from the remainder of the basement, which is kept for employees only, and which is fitted up with a lunch room, kitchen, assembly room, library and locker room. The security vault is set on piers and the top, bottom and sides are visible at all times owing to the lighting system. The mezzanine floor is given over to the transit department, statement clerks and telephone operators, and a women's rest room. The lighting system will give a soft and even glow, easy on the eyes, no lamps or globes being visible. It is the desire of the management of the bank that Los Angeles labor be employed in this work, so far as possible.

Mr. A. C. McCord, formerly assistant cashier of the Traders Bank of this city, has accepted the appointment of cashier of the German American Savings Bank of Anaheim, succeeding Charles A. Boege.

Messrs. George Chaffey, A. M. Chaffey, W. J. Hole, and C. R. Thomas of this city have incorporated the La Habra Valley Bank, which will do business as a state bank at Brea, Cal., with a capital stock of \$35,000.

Owing to the increased business of the German American Savings Bank, two new names have been added to the list of officials. W. R. Morehouse has been made assistant cashier, and Oscar Schmidt has been appointed assistant secretary.

Catalina is to open its postal savings bank April 1, the postal service being the result of several years of effort.

Eliminating the reports of the San Francisco and Los Angeles banks, the condition of the 199 national banks in California is as follows: Loans and

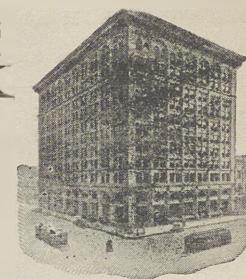
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discounts, \$89,572,857; cash reserve, \$7,086,687; percentage of legal reserve, 17.20 per cent; total resources, \$168,093,051; individual deposits, \$110,276,030.

Schuyler Cole of Colegrove is planning to erect a two-story bank and store building in that part of Los Angeles.

If the state bank examiner approves the petition of the Citizens' State Bank of Sawtelle to increase its capital stock from \$25,000 to \$50,000, that institution will open a branch at The Palms.

San Bernardino National Bank purchased the \$5000 bond issue of the Terrace Union School district at par, with accrued interest.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Claremont will soon vote on the question of issuing bonds for the purchase of the Citizens Water Company, the property having been offered to the city for \$65,000.

Ensign school district, Riverside, is planning to vote on the question of bonding itself for \$2,500 for the purchase of school facilities.

April 15 has been set as the date of the election in Ventura for the issuing of bonds of \$30,000 for the purpose of establishing the Ojai permanent road division.

Yorba Linda school district is preparing for a bond issue of \$6000 or \$8000.

At a meeting of the city trustees of Oceanside it was decided to make arrangements to purchase the Oceanside Electric Co., and if the plan failed, to vote bonds for the construction of a municipal lighting plant.

Up to 10 a. m., April 15, the city clerk at Pasadena will receive bids for the purchase of municipal improvement bonds in amount of \$60,000. Bonds are of \$1000 each, bearing 4½% interest, payable semi-annually.

Plans have been completed for the erection of three reinforced concrete buildings at Coronado, the cost of which will be met with an \$85,000 bond issue, election on which will be held before April.

San Diego's municipal improvements amount to more than \$600,000, all of which will be met with bond issues. Improvements are: Fire department, \$80,000; sewer extension, \$120,000; bridges and street repairs, \$120,000; Comfort station, \$50,000; water extension, \$256,451; replacing old pipe, \$14,058; Point Loma reservoir, \$12,000; City Park reservoir, \$35,000, and miscellaneous, \$87,000.

Sawtelle will decide April 2 on the question of issuing \$20,000 in bonds for furnishing additional school facilities.

Up to 2 o'clock, April 8, the board of supervisors of Los Angeles will receive sealed bids for the purchase of the Belvedere School district bonds, in the sum of \$13,000, bonds of \$1,000 each, bearing 4½%, payable semi-annually.

Petitions have been circulated in Long Beach for the cancellation of the bond election for the erection of a \$110,000 pier at Pine avenue to replace the one damaged by the storm, and for the building of a \$50,000 pier at Devil's Gate. The petitions also re-

quest that a horseshoe pier be erected from American avenue to Pine avenue. Long Beach is to have three new \$30,000 school buildings, as the result of the authorization of a \$100,000 bond issue. At the next meeting of the water department consideration will be given to the proposition of the Southern California Edison Company to operate the water system by electricity.

All Los Angeles harbor and power bonds remaining after delivery April 5 will be taken over by Speyer & Co.

Newport Beach has voted \$27,000 bonds for school purposes, which will soon be advertised for sale.

Plans are being perfected for the construction of a boulevard from Santa Monica to the San Pedro hills, skirting the coast wherever possible. It is probable that a bond issue will be made to meet the cost.

Santa Barbara county is to have a union high school on the main country road, near New Town, \$33,000 having been voted by three school districts.

English Capital in Canada

Illustrating the extent to which the mother country is taking care financially of her colonies are the figures just made available of English funds placed in Canada. In the African colonies and in the Straits Settlements the newness of the countries, of course, has made imperative demands on the capitalists at home for funds necessary to development, but in Canada generations of wealth producers have built up supplies of capital which for years past have overflowed into new fields outside of the Dominion. That the opportunities for investment in Canada have a strong appeal to the capitalist of the mother country, although much of the native capital is diverted to enterprises in the West Indies, Mexico and South America, is demonstrated by the figures just supplied from London, which show that in the last seven years the borrowings of Canada in London have aggregated \$875,658,659, the total for 1911 being \$191,957,963, a record figure for any one year. This capital has gone into undertakings varying from government and municipal projects, railways and industries to mines. The heaviest total in 1911 was applied to railway enterprises, the aggregate being \$83,325,444.

Next came industrials, with a total of \$38,293,345. Mining took only \$2,919,900 of English capital, but land and lumber were given \$20,062,146. It is interesting to note, in connection with the small total which went into mining, that in 1910 this class of enterprise took \$20,225,583. Government and municipal loans last year received, respectively, \$9,246,350 and \$25,904,379. It is predicted that both government and municipal borrowings in 1912 will exceed the figures of 1911.

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M. S. E. Cor. Third and Spring

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J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.
Capital, \$200,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$800,000.

NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA
N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring

J. E. FISHBURN, President.
H. S. MCKEE, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

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Surplus, \$25,000.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway

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JAMES B. GIST, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$244,000.

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Third and Main

A. J. WATERS, President.
E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$700,000.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK
401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth

W. A. BONYNGE, President.
NEWMAN, ESSICK, Cashier.
Capital, \$200,000.
Surplus & Undivided Profits, \$60,000.

FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK
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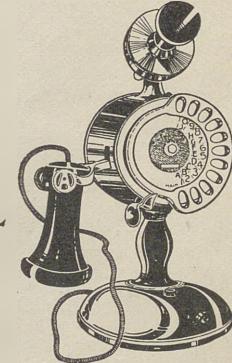
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